

1902

The Spinster (1902)

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THE SPINSTER

1902



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The SPINSTER



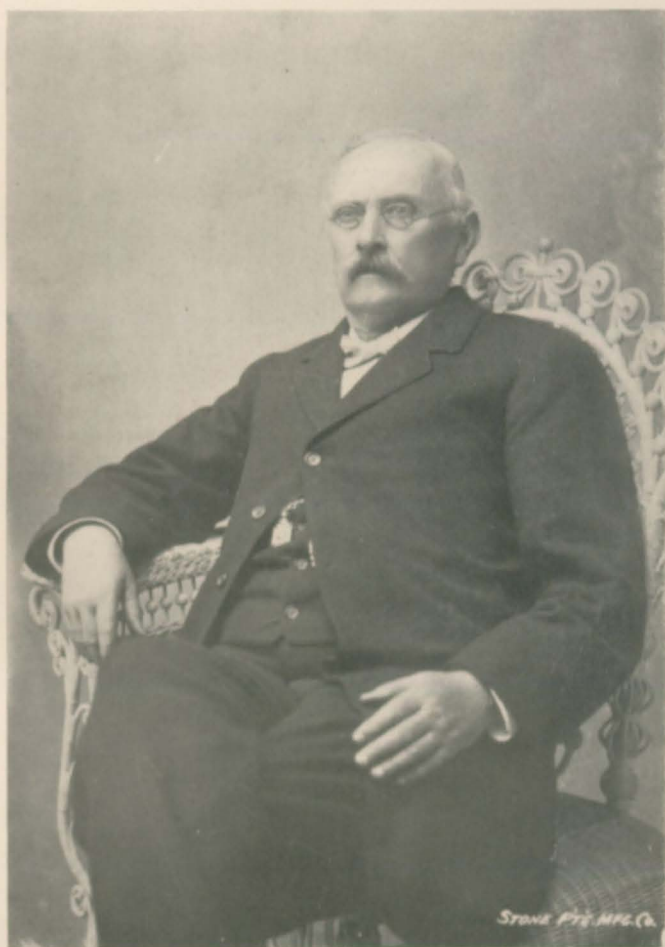
Where singleness is bliss,
'T is folly to be wives.

Edited by the Students of
Hollins Institute, *Virginia*
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

"Mens sibi



conscia recti."



"UNCLE BILLY"

"Uncle Billy."

THE following was written at the request of THE SPINSTER, by Professor E. S. Joynes, LL. D., of South Carolina College, formerly Professor of Modern Languages at Hollins:

Of the influence of Mr. W. H. Pleasants, in the development of Hollins Institute, I will try to write, but the task is too great for me. Such a man's influence is so personal, so profound, so intimate, and so modest, that it can not be expressed in words. Next to Mr. and Mrs. Cocke, I should say that he has been the guiding and forming spirit of Hollins. As a scholar, accurate, profound, and many-sided, capable of instructing in almost any department—as a teacher, clear, logical, and exacting, yet helpful and inspiring—as a disciplinarian, just, gentle, and firm—as a member of the Faculty, wise in council and in administration—as a social factor (in earlier years, at least), the very life of the school—as a friend, sincere, candid, and true, he has always been associated in my mind with all that was best in the history and influence of Hollins as I knew it; and no praise could be too strong for the benefits he has conferred upon the institution and its many generations of grateful and loving students. To leave "Uncle Billy" out of that picture would be to rob it of one of its brightest and strongest figures.

I knew Mr. Pleasants well when we were classmates at the University of Virginia, and I have known of him and his work from that day to this. I can say with truth, that in all that long time, among the noble generation of her intellectual sons, Virginia has produced no teacher whose work has been more fruitful or more worthy of honor than his has been. Only his modesty has deprived him of widest distinction. But in the hearts of all who have known Hollins, in fifty years, he holds an enviable place, and is sure of a loving memory, which is better than fame!



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Faculty and Officers.

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(University of Virginia)
*Dean of the Faculty; Professor of Latin and
Moral Science.*

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(Hollins)
Latin.

J. M. McBRYDE, JR., A. M., PH. D.
(South Carolina College; Johns Hopkins
University)
Professor of English Language and Literature.

MISS B. P. CLEVELAND,
(Hollins)
English.

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(Norfolk College)
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Professor of Modern Languages.

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(Hollins)
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MISS THALIA HAYWARD,
(Hollins)
French.

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Professor of Mathematics.

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(Hollins)
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(Vanderbilt University)
Resident Physician; Professor of Physiology.

MISS AGNES C. TERRELL,
(Hollins)
Professor of History.

MISS GENEVIEVE RUDD,
(Hollins)
Preparatory Department.

MISS GRACE G. PARISH,
Bookkeeping, Stenography, and Typewriting.



FACULTY.



FACULTY.

Musical Department.

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CARL BODELL, (Stockholm, Leipsic, Paris) <i>Piano.</i>	MISS ROSE ANCONA, (Stuttgart, Berlin) <i>Violin and Kindred Instruments.</i>
CHARLES H. ELWELL, (New England Conservatory) <i>Organ, Piano.</i>	MISS THALIA HAYWARD, (Hollins) <i>Piano.</i>
ALBERT A. MACK, (Stuttgart Conservatory, Germany) <i>Piano, Harmony.</i>	MISS ROSE THORNTON, <i>Piano.</i>
	MISS MARIE ESTES, (Hollins) <i>Voice Culture.</i>

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MISS LUCIE P. STONE, (European Training) <i>Drawing, Painting.</i>	MISS PAULINE S. TOWNSEND, (New England Conservatory) <i>Elocution, Physical Culture.</i>
--	--

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MISS MARIAN S. BAYNE	REGISTRAR
MISS ALICE B. DUGGER	LIBRARIAN
MISS ESTELLE BATTLE	ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Domestic Department.

MRS. CHARLES L. COCKE	HEAD OF DEPARTMENT
MRS. CHARLES H. COCKE	ASSISTANT
MISS HARRIS	ASSISTANT
MRS. U. J. CUTHBERTSON	ASSISTANT
A. U. MESSER	STEWARD

The Spinster Staff.

1902.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

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EDITORS.

Roll of Students.

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
AYRES, INEZ	2	Texarkana, Tex.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
BALSLEY, MARIE	1	Reidsville, N. C.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
BAKER, FRANCES MAUDE	2	Kent's Store, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Classical Degree, 1901; Literary Degree, 1902.			
BARCLAY, BERNICE	1	Temple, Tex.	Main
Euepian; Texas German Club.			
BASSETT, MABEL	3	Palatka, Fla.	East Tinnymont
Euepian; Class of 1902.			
BASSETT, GRACE	3	Norfolk, Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
BAXTER, ELSIE S.	1	Elizabeth City, N. C.	Main
Euzelian; A. T. B.; Mohican Team.			
BEALE, LUCY P.	2	Buchanan, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian.			
BELL, ETHEL	1	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf
Euepian; K. O. M.			
BENNETT, ANNIE	1	McDonalds Mill, Va.	Main
BOWER, MABEL	-	Hollins, Va.	
Euzelian; Class of 1902.			
BRADLEY, LURA	1	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf
Euepian; K. O. M.; Texas German Club; Cotillion Club.			
BISCOE, KEATTS	4	Little Rock, Ark.	Main
BLANCHARD, ETTA	3	Columbus, Ga.	East Tinnymont
Euzelian; Eclectic Degree, 1901; Literary Degree, 1902; Euzelian President Public Meeting; Associate Editor SPINSTER, '01-02; Φ . M. Γ .; K. K. K.; Dramatic Club.			
BLANCHARD, EMMA	-	Columbus, Ga.	East Tinnymont
Euzelian; Eclectic Degree, 1901; Φ . M. Γ .; K. K. K.			
BOOTH, MARJORIE	-	Columbus, O.	East Tinnymont
Euzelian; Art Editor SPINSTER; Φ . M. Γ .; Dramatic Club.			
BORDEN, ELIZABETH	1	Goldsboro, N. C.	Waldorf
Euzelian; "Tar Heel Club."			
BRAMLITT, LYDIA	3	Okatona, Miss.	Waldorf
Euepian; Dramatic Club.			
BRAMLITT, HAZEL	1	Okatona, Miss.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
BRANSFORD, CAROLINE PICKETT	4	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; A. T. B.; Mohican Team.			
BRAY, ANNABEL	2	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Capital Club.			

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
BROWN, GLADYS	1 . . .	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
BUCK, CAROLYN	2 . . .	Kentucky	Kentucky Cottage
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
BUCKNER, LUCY	2 . . .	Kentucky	Kentucky Cottage
Kentucky Club.			
ALBERY, MILDRED	1 . . .	Columbus, O.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Φ. K.			
ALLEN, MARGARET T.	1 . . .	Covington, Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
AMES, EMILY	1 . . .	Read's Wharf, Va.	Main
ARMSTEAD, GERTRUDE	2 . . .	Churchland, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Φ. M. F.; Cotillion Club.			
ARNOLDI, NELL	1 . . .	Sherman, Tex.	Waldorf
Euepian; Texas German Club; K. O. M.			
AUSTIN, BETTIE	1 . . .	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Waldorf
Euzelian.			
BURNETT, MARY	1 . . .	Cambria, Va.	Main
CAMP, LUCY	3 . . .	Albion, Fla.	Main
Euepian; Δ. T. B.; Cotillion Club; M. A. C.; Dramatic Club.			
CAMP, SALLIE	1 . . .	Albion, Fla.	Main
Euepian.			
CARNEAL, GRACE	1 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Capital Club.			
CARNEY, ELIZABETH	3 . . .	Churchland, Va.	East Tinnymment
Euepian; Yemassee Team; President Cotillion Club; Φ. M. F.; K. K. K.; Dramatic Club			
CARTER, LUCILE	3 . . .	Warrenton, Va.	Waldorf
Euepian; Yemassee Team; Euepian Final Vice-President; Naughty Naught; Dramatic Club.			
CAVITT, SADIE	3 . . .	Bryan, Tex.	Waldorf
Euzelian.			
CHISHOLM, VIDA	1 . . .	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf
CLARKE, GERTRUDE	2 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Capital Club; Class of 1902; Naughty Naught.			
CLARKE, MARJORIE	1 . . .	Columbus, O.	Waldorf
Euzelian.			
CLARKSON, ANNIE	1 . . .	Jacksonville, Fla.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
CLAY, MARY	2 . . .	Paris, Ky.	Kentucky Cottage
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
CLAYBROOK, MARY BAXTER	1 . . .	Washington, Ky.	Waldorf
Kentucky Club.			
COCKE, ANITA	4 . . .	Brownsville, Tex.	Main
Euzelian; Texas German Club.			
COCKE, MARY STUART	2 . . .	Roanoke, Va.	Main
C. B. C.			
COCKE, MARGARET	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf
COCKE, LEONORA	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Naughty Naught; Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club.			

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
COCKE, MATTIE L., JR.	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; S. S. S.; Classical Degree, 1901.			
COKER, LAVINIA	3 . . .	Darlington, S. C.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Class of 1902.			
COKER, SUSIE	1 . . .	Hartsville, S. C.	Main
Euzelian.			
COLCOCK, ANNA	2 . . .	Columbia, S. C.	Waldorf
Euepian; Δ. T. B.; Mohican Team.			
CONE, HELEN	1 . . .	Riverton, Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
COPELAND, MARIA	1 . . .	Round Hill, Va.	Tinnymment
COUTURIÉ, LILLICE	2 . . .	New Orleans, La.	Main
C. B. C.			
CRILL, EDNA	2 . . .	Palatka, Fla.	Main
Euepian.			
CRILL, BLANCHE	2 . . .	Tyler, Tex.	Waldorf
Euepian.			
CRUTCHER, ANNIE LOU	2 . . .	Tyler, Tex.	Waldorf
Euepian; Texas German Club; Cotillion Club.			
CULPEPPER, ETTA	1 . . .	Portsmouth, Va.	Main
Δ. T. B.			
CURRIN, MARGUERITE	2 . . .	Oxford, N. C.	Waldorf
Euzelian; "Tar Heel Club"; M. A. C.			
DAILEY, ELEANOR	1 . . .	Elkins, W. Va.	Main
Euepian; Yemassee Team.			
DANCY, MAE EUGENE	1 . . .	Jacksonville, Fla.	Main
Euzelian.			
DAVIS, MARY J.	1 . . .	La Fayette, Ala.	Waldorf
Euzelian.			
DAVIS, DORA	1 . . .	Midway, Ky.	Main
Kentucky Club.			
DEY, SALLIE	1 . . .	Norfolk, Va.	Main
Δ. T. B.; Mohican Team.			
DEYERLE, JULIA	3 . . .	Rocky Mount, Va.	East Tinnymment
Euepian; K. O. M.			
DICKINSON, HALLIE	3 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Naughty Naught; Capital Club; Cotillion Club; President Golf Club; Dramatic Club.			
DICKSON, HATTIE	1 . . .	Taylor, Tex.	East Tinnymment
Euepian; Texas German Club; Yemassee Team; Cotillion Club.			
DIXON, MAIDEE	2 . . .	Houston, Tex.	East Tinnymment
Euepian.			
DUKE, LUCY W.	3 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Capital Club; S. S. S.; Cotillion Club; Class of 1902.			
DOWNING, ELIZABETH	1 . . .	Front Royal Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
DUNKLEE, GLENNA	2 . . .	Newport, Va.	Main
Euzelian			

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
DUNN, F. GEORGINA	1 . . .	La Grange, Ill.	Main Euzelian.
DURST, AZELIE	1 . . .	Tyler, Tex.	East Tinnymment Euepian; K. A. T.; Delmonico; Texas German Club.
ELLISON, EVA	1 . . .	Waynesboro, Va.	Waldorf Euepian.
EMGART, ARLINE	1 . . .	Lynchburg, Va.	Main
ESHMAN, MARY C.	1 . . .	Harrisonburg, Va.	Main Euepian; Dramatic Club.
ESHMAN, MADELINE	1 . . .	Harrisonburg, Va.	Main
FISHER, KATHERINE	1 . . .	Philadelphia, Penn.	Waldorf Euepian; A. T. B.; Mohican Team; Dramatic Club.
FITZGERALD, ETHEL	1 . . .	Louisville, Ky.	Main Euzelian; Kentucky Club.
FLANNAGAN, VERNELLE	2 . . .	Hinton, W. Va.	East Tinnymment Yemassee.
FLOYD, CARRIE	— . . .	Hollins, Va.	—
FORD, LOUISE	2 . . .	Round Hill, Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
FORD, HELEN	1 . . .	Round Hill, Va.	East Tinnymment
FOWLKES, MATTY	1 . . .	Burkeville, Va.	Main
FRANK, HELEN	2 . . .	Paris, Ky.	Kentucky Cottage Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Dramatic Club.
FUNK, PAULINE	3 . . .	Singer's Glen, Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
GEDGE, LOUISE	1 . . .	Waukegan, Ill.	Main Euzelian; C. B. C.
GEDGE, ESTHER	1 . . .	Waukegan, Ill.	Main Euzelian; P. M. T.
GEDGE, ERMINA	1 . . .	Waukegan, Ill.	Main Euzelian; P. M. T.; Dramatic Club.
GEORGE, LUCILE	1 . . .	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf Euzelian.
GIBSON, HELEN	2 . . .	Upperville, Va.	Main Euzelian.
GILL, JOHN	1 . . .	Huntsville, Ala.	Main Euepian; K. A. T.; Delmonico.
GLENN, REBEKAH	3 . . .	Winston, N. C.	Waldorf "Tar Heel Club."
GREEN, IDA RUSSELL	1 . . .	Shuqualak, Miss.	Waldorf
GRIFFIN, SARAH	1 . . .	Bedford, Va.	Waldorf Euzelian; Mohican Team.
GRIFFIN, SADIE	1 . . .	Houston, Tex.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
GRIFFIN, JENNESS	1 . . .	Houston, Tex.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
HADEN, GREY	2 . . .	Fincastle, Va.	East Tinnymment
HALL, BESSIE LEE	1 . . .	St. Louis, Mo.	Main T. S. T.

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
HARRELSON, HELEN	2 . . .	Belton, Mo.	Waldorf Euzelian; Class of 1902; Mohican Team.
HARMON, MARY	3 . . .	Salem, Va.	Waldorf Euepian.
HASKINS, VIRGINIA	1 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Main Euzelian.
HASKINS, MINERVA	1 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Main Euzelian.
HENDERSON, GORDON	2 . . .	Johnson City, Tenn.	Main
HENKING, MARY	1 . . .	Gallipolis, O.	Waldorf Euepian; Dramatic Club.
HESS, BONNIE LEE	1 . . .	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Main Euzelian.
HINTON, ETHEL	3 . . .	Hinton, W. Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian; Yemassee Team.
HOLTZCLAW, EDNA	2 . . .	Hampton, Va.	Main
HORNOR, ELIZABETH	2 . . .	Helena, Ark.	Waldorf Euepian; K. O. M.; Dramatic Club.
HOYE, LUCY	2 . . .	Helena, Ark.	Waldorf Delmonico.
HUFF, JUNIA	— . . .	Hollins, Va.	—
HUME, MARY G.	2 . . .	Chapel Hill, N. C.	Waldorf Euzelian; M. A. C.; "Tar Heel Club."
JACKSON, LOUISE	1 . . .	Front Royal, Va.	Main Euzelian.
JACKSON, ESTELLE	2 . . .	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Main Euepian; K. O. M.; Dramatic Club.
JASPER, DAVIE	3 . . .	Plano, Tex.	East Tinnymment Euzelian; S. S. S.; Class of 1902.
JESTER, LILA	2 . . .	Corsicana, Tex.	East Tinnymment Euepian; Texas German Club.
KEYES, ELIZABETH	3 . . .	Columbus, Ohio	Waldorf Euzelian.
KIMBROUGH, LYDIA	1 . . .	Germantown, Tenn.	Waldorf Euzelian.
KING, ROSALIE	1 . . .	San Marcus, Texas	Main Euepian.
KING, LAURA	1 . . .	Front Royal, Va.	Main Euzelian.
KNOX, VIRGINIA	1 . . .	Columbus, Ohio	Main Euzelian, A. T. B.
KONE, FAY	5 . . .	Cool Well, Va.	Main Euzelian.
KRAUSS, BERTHA	1 . . .	Columbus, Ohio	Main Euzelian.
KUSIAN, ANNA	7 . . .	Nutbush, Va.	East Tinnymment
LANKFORD, ORA	— . . .	Cloverdale, Va.	—
LANKFORD, TALMAGE	— . . .	Cloverdale, Va.	—
LANKFORD, INA	— . . .	Cloverdale, Va.	—

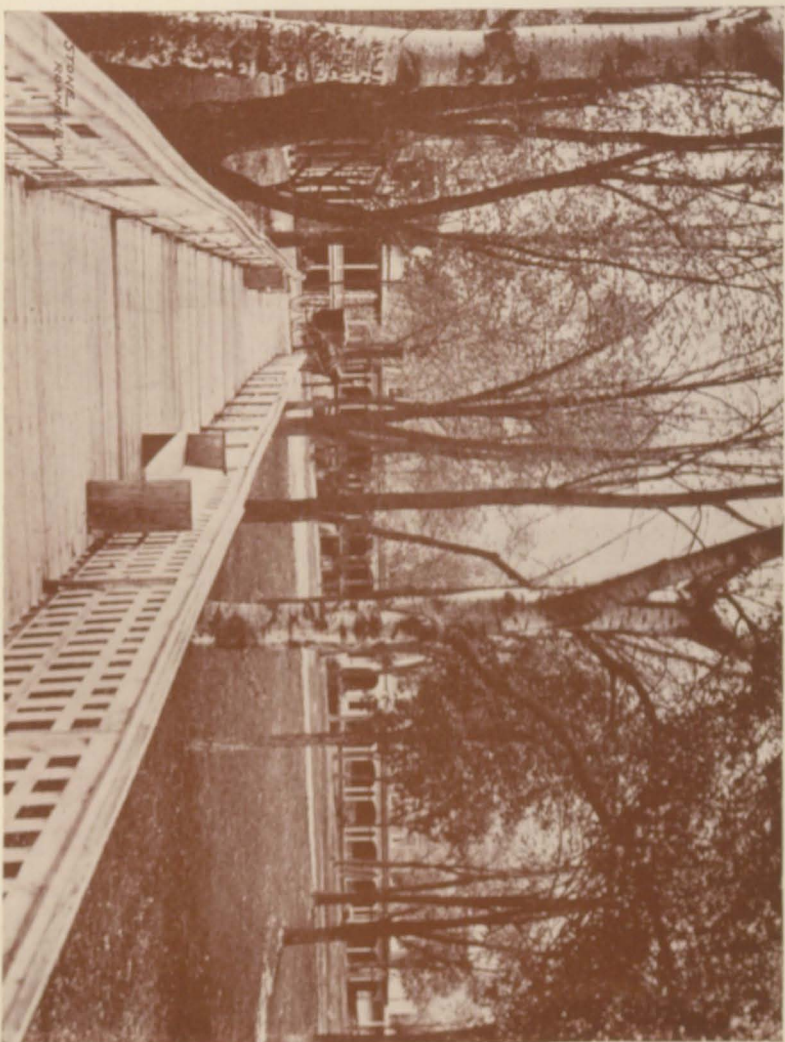
NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
LEATHERS, HATTIE	1 . . .	Charlottesville, Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
LENOW, JAMIE	1 . . .	Little Rock, Ark.	Main
Euepian.			
LEWIS, FANNY	1 . . .	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Capital Club.			
LINCOLN, SUE MAE	2 . . .	Columbus, Miss.	Waldorf
LOCKHART, MARY HEARNE	1 . . .	Paris, Kentucky	Kentucky Cottage
Euzelian; Associate Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> ; Kentucky Club; Dramatic Club.			
LOCKHART, SALLIE	2 . . .	Paris, Kentucky	Kentucky Cottage
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
LOCKHART, FLORENCE	2 . . .	Paris, Kentucky	Kentucky Cottage
LOVE, KATHLEEN	1 . . .	Texarkana, Ark.	Main
Euepian; Texas Club.			
LUCK, JULIA	- . . .	Houston, Va.	Main
Euepian.			
LYLES, SARAH	1 . . .	Columbus, S. C.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Φ . M. T.; Mohican Team; Cotillion Club.			
MCCLELLAN, FRANCES	1 . . .	Columbus, Ohio	Main
Euzelian; Naughty Naught Club; Cotillion Club; Mohican Team.			
MCLAUGHLIN, MABEL	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	
Euzelian; Class of 1902.			
MCLAUGHLIN, MAY	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	
MCLAUGHLIN, EDITH	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	
MCLAUGHLIN, BURTON	- . . .	Hollins, Va.	
MAJOR, MABEL	1 . . .	Lawrenceburg, Ky.	Main
Kentucky Club.			
MANSFIELD, LOUISE	2 . . .	Tyler, Texas	East Tinnymment
Euepian; K. A. F.; Texas Club.			
MASTERS, MARY V.	3 . . .	Ivanhoe, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Euzelian Final Vice-President; Captain Mohican Team; Associate Editor SPINSTER; Naughty Naught Club; Dramatic Club.			
MAULDIN, CORA	1 . . .	Anderson, S. C.	East Tinnymment
Euzelian; President Christian Association.			
MEDINGER, JULIA	1 . . .	Joppa, Md.	Main
Euzelian.			
MILLS, MAE	2 . . .	Sherman, Texas	Waldorf
Euepian; Delmonico; Texas Club.			
MOOMAW, LETA	- . . .	Daleville, Va.	
MOOMAW, HONORIA	2 . . .	Cloverdale, Va.	Main
MARROW, FANNIE	2 . . .	Charlottesville, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Yemassee Team			
NALL, JESSIE	1 . . .	Bryan, Texas	Main
Euepian.			
NEFF, KATHIE	3 . . .	Mt. Jackson, Va.	Main
Euepian.			
NEFF, ROBERTA	3 . . .	Mt. Jackson, Va.	Main
Euepian; Classical Degree, '01; Scholarship Medal, '01.			
NICEWONGER, IVY	2 . . .	Winston-Salem, N. C.	Main

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	COLLEGE ADDRESS
NOTTINGHAM, MARY	1 . . .	Franktown, Va.	Main
ORR, HESTER	1 . . .	Columbus, O.	East Tinnymment
Euzelian.			
PARSONS, ANNA	1 . . .	Lynchburg, Va.	Main
Euepian.			
PILCHER, MARY	1 . . .	Petersburg, Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
PIPKIN, ANNA HALE	1 . . .	Goldsboro, N. C.	Main
POLLARD, SUSIE	2 . . .	Bowling Green, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Treasurer of Class of 1902; Naughty Naught Club; Capital Club; President Tennis Club; Dramatic Club.			
PORTER, HAFFORD	4 . . .	Baltimore, Md.	East Tinnymment
Euzelian; Vice-President Euzelian Public Meeting; Class of 1902; K. K. K.; Dramatic Club.			
POWELL, LEAH	2 . . .	Smithville, Texas	Waldorf
Euepian; Φ . K.; Texas Club.			
RANKIN, SARA	1 . . .	Columbia, Miss.	Main
Euepian.			
RATCLIFFE, MATTY	2 . . .	Staunton, Va.	East Tinnymment
REAVES, ETTA	3 . . .	Moulton, Texas	East Tinnymment
Euepian; Texas Club.			
REED, AIMEE	2 . . .	Meridian, Miss.	Waldorf
Euepian; Elocution Medal, '00; Secretary of Class, 1902; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; S. S.; Associate Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> , '00; Dramatic Club.			
REEVES, MARY	4 . . .	Palestine, Texas	Waldorf
Euepian; Delmonico; Texas Club.			
RICHARDSON, RUTH	1 . . .	Hartsville, S. C.	Main
Euzelian.			
RINEHART, BESSIE	2 . . .	Covington, Va.	Main
Euzelian; C. B. C.			
RINEHART, LULU	2 . . .	Covington, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Naughty Naught Club.			
ROBERTSON, JULIA B.	4 . . .	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf
Euzelian; Class of 1902; T. S. F.			
RODEBAUGH, MABEL	1 . . .	Maysville, Ohio	Main
ROGERS, MARY	1 . . .	Huntsville, Ala.	Main
Euepian; Yemassee Team.			
ROGERS, LUCILE	1 . . .	Versailles, Ky.	Main
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
RUDD, COURTNEY	1 . . .	Porto Rico, West Indies	Cottage
RUFFNER, JEANETTE	1 . . .	Charleston, W. Va.	Main
Euzelian.			
RUSSELL, SUSIE	2 . . .	Meridian, Miss.	Waldorf
Euepian; Delmonico.			
RUSSELL, NIETA	2 . . .	Meridian, Miss.	Waldorf
Euepian; Class of 1902; Mohican Team; Delmonico; Dramatic Club.			
RYLAND, MARY	1 . . .	Barton Heights, Va.	Main
Euzelian; Capital Club.			

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
SAVAGE, MARY KATE	1	Texarkana, Texas	Waldorf Euzelian.
SEVIER, JULIETTE	1	Texarkana, Texas	Main Euepian; Delmonico; K. A. F.; Texas Club.
SHEPPARD, MARY C.	2	Winston, N. C.	Waldorf Euepian; Φ . K.; "Tar Heel Club"; Mohican Team.
SLEET, MARY	2	Midway, Ky.	Main Euzelian; Kentucky Club.
SMITH, MARY	2	Chester, N. C.	Waldorf Euepian.
SMYTHE, MATTY	2	Anniston, Ala.	Main Euepian.
SNYDER, CARRYE	1	Pensacola, Fla.	Main Euepian.
SPENCER, LAURA	2	Columbus, Ga.	East Tinnymment Euzelian; Φ . M. F.; K. K. K.
STEDMAN, MARY	2	Palestine, Texas	Waldorf Euepian; Associate Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> ; Class of 1902; Delmonico; Texas Club; Final President Euepian Society; Dramatic Club.
STEEL, METHYL	1	Robinson, Mo.	Main
STEGER, OLIVIA	1	Bonham, Texas	Main Euepian; Texas Club.
STUART, ETHEL	1	New Orleans, La.	Waldorf Euepian.
SUMMEROUR, MAUD	1	Dalton, Ga.	Waldorf Euepian.
TALBOT, EVELYN	1	Elkins, W. Va.	Main Euepian; Mohican Team.
THOM, EMMA	1	Ashton, Mo.	Waldorf Euzelian; Associate Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> ; S. S. S.
TRANT, EMMA	2	Portsmouth, Va.	Waldorf Euepian.
TRANT, MILDRED	2	Portsmouth, Va.	Waldorf Euzelian.
TRAVIS, ALMA	3	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf Euepian; K. A. F.
TUPPER, KATHERINE	3	New York City	Waldorf Euepian; Business Manager SPINSTER and <i>Semi-Annual</i> , 1900-1902; Euepian Presi- dent Public Meeting; Vice-President Senior Class; A. T. B.; Dramatic Club.
TURNEY, EDNA	2	Paris, Ky.	Kentucky Cottage
URQUHART, HELEN	2	Lynchburg, Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
VIRDEN, LUCILE	2	Montgomery, Ala.	Waldorf Euzelian.
WADE, MARGARET C.	1	Christiansburg, Va.	Main
WAIT, FRANCES	3	Knoxville, Tenn.	East Tinnymment Euzelian; Class of 1902; President Athletic Association; Associate Editor SPINSTER; Captain Yemassee Team; Naughty Naught Club; K. K. K.

NAME	YEAR	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS
WARD, AILEEN D.	2	Darlington, S. C.	Waldorf Euzelian; Senior Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> ; Class of 1902; President Christian Association; Dramatic Club.
WARREN, FRANCES S.	1	Pensacola, Fla.	Waldorf Euepian.
WATTS, LETA	3	Staunton, Va.	Waldorf Euepian; Vice-President Euepian Public Meeting; Φ . K.; Captain Waldorf Team; Dramatic Club.
WATTS, JEANNIE	1	Roanoke, Va.	Main T. S. F.; Mohican Team.
WATTS, MARY	1	Staunton, Va.	Waldorf
WEISS, ELSA	2	San Antonio, Texas	Waldorf Euzelian; T. S. F.; Cotillion Club; Texas Club.
WILHOITE, LILLIAN	2	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Main Euepian; K. Φ . M.
WILKINS, NANNIE	2	Eastville, Va.	Waldorf Euepian.
WILLIAMS, NELLIE	1	Franklin, Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian.
WILLIAMS, LOUISE	1	Arvonion, Va.	Main Euzelian; Capital Club; T. S. F.
WILLIAMS, ETHEL C.	2	Boydton, Va.	Waldorf Euzelian; M. A. C.
WILLIAMS, THOMASIA	1	Arvonion, Va.	Main Euzelian.
WILLIAMS, MARY	1	Lexington, Ky.	Waldorf Kentucky Club.
WILLIAMSON, IRENE	1	Memphis, Tenn.	Waldorf Euzelian.
WILLIAMSON, MARTHA	3	New Market, Va.	East Tinnymment Euepian; Associate Editor <i>Semi-Annual</i> ; President Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER, 1901; Final President Euepian Society, '01; S. S. S.
WILLIAMSON, MARY	2	New Market, Va.	Waldorf Euepian.
WILLINGHAM, LILA	1	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf Euzelian; C. B. C.
WILSON, SUSIE M.	1	Arvonion, Va.	Main Euzelian; Yemassee Team.
WITHERS, BESSIE B.	2	Reidsville, N. C.	Waldorf Euepian; Φ . K.; "Tar Heel Club."
WOOD, LILLIAN	2	Gaffney, S. C.	Main Euzelian.
WOOD, ALICE	1	Campbellsville, Ky.	Main
WOODFORD, MARY	1	Paris, Ky.	Waldorf Kentucky Club.
YERKEES, AMANDA	1	Paris, Ky.	Waldorf Kentucky Club.
YOUNG, MABEL	1	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf Euzelian.





THE BRIDGE.

Hollins: Past and Present.

THE editor of THE SPINSTER desires to publish some reminiscences of Hollins in the earliest years of its existence. Accordingly, one of the old-timers will endeavor to comply with her request, by recalling some of the features of Hollins in the fifties and sixties, which have not been obliterated or grown dim with the passing years.

Hollins
in the
Olden
Time

Hollins, in its present form, as an institution for the higher education of women, came into existence in response to an immediate and pressing want. It was the first institution of that kind that was ever established in Virginia, and, so far as the writer knows, in the whole South. The education afforded to girls up to that time was entirely in private and day schools, and was of the most limited character. It is, however, by no means to be inferred that up to that time there had been no highly educated women in Virginia. The richer classes secured this blessing for their daughters by the employment of private tutors; and not a few sent them to the North or to Europe to be educated.

How accurately the founders of Hollins had discerned the needs of the people is demonstrated by the immediate success of Hollins. Its limited accommodations were at once filled to their utmost capacity, and year after year new buildings were added to meet the increasing demand for room, until Hollins reached its present state of completeness and adaptation to the work it has to do.

The guiding principle of the school from the first was the homely motto of "plain living and high thinking." The term, "plain living," as used here, means simply that Hollins being situated in the country, and not having, until 1852, a railroad within a hundred miles, and having very limited equipment in buildings, we were forced to live without many of the appliances now considered necessary to luxurious living. For example, we had no water supply, except from the springs; we had no electric light, nor even kerosene (for that was not brought into use until 1866); we had to depend for our light upon whale-oil lamps, or candles, or burning fluid (a most dangerously explosive mixture of alcohol and spirits of turpentine); we had no steam heat, but were warmed by roaring wood fires. As the yearly consumption of wood was enormous, and as there was a ready market for it here, the result is seen in the almost entire destruction of the forests within a few miles around Hollins.

As to the "plain living" as dependent upon food, we must say that, while the variety of articles placed upon the table was not so great as would be found

in the markets of the cities, yet it was excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. This region was, at that time, considered the garden-spot of Virginia. Its generous soil produced abundant crops of all the cereals; its wheat was manufactured here into flour that was considered to be the best in the land; there was abundance of the best beef, mutton, and bacon; of poultry of all kinds, and of butter and eggs, and in fact of everything that can be produced upon a farm. There was no difficulty in obtaining all these supplies at a moderate cost, as the great markets were far off and difficult to reach, for want of railroad communication. Of such materials was our fare; and it was cooked for us by Aunt Betsy (a corpulent old lady, but a capital cook), assisted by her son, with the laughable name of Fun; and after her departure, by Uncle Randal (an old servant of the Cocke family), who had been trained to his business by one of the best housekeepers in Eastern Virginia, and who successfully maintained the honor of old Virginia cookery. The whole of our domestic economy was under the direction of the dear and honored lady still with us, the consort and helpmeet of the founder; and it goes without saying that in her was always found a generous provider, a careful housekeeper, a beneficent and gracious head of a large household, to whom every one of the young hearts that composed it could come, as to a mother, and confide all their joys and sorrows.

The interior life at Hollins in the olden time, with its limited accommodations and more primitive modes of living, was very much the same as it is now, with its spacious buildings and all the appliances for bodily comfort and health known to modern times. There were no Greek-letter societies, it is true; but it is questionable whether the time devoted to these societies would not be better employed in study and reflection. There was no tennis, or golf, or basketball; but there were other exercises equally well adapted to develop the bodily powers and promote health, more graceful and less dangerous than basketball.

The religious instruction was conducted upon the same lines as it now is—i. e., upon strictly non-sectarian principles. There was the same daily worship; the same Sunday-school classes. There was not, however, as now, the same arrangement of regular service by chaplains every Sunday night, but the preaching in chapel was only occasional. To compensate for this, every Sunday an omnibus load of fifteen girls, selected alphabetically from the roll of students, was sent to Salem, Fincastle, or Big Lick (now Roanoke). These excursions were much enjoyed, not only from the spiritual benefit gained from the ministrations of the distinguished divines of those villages, but from the delight of driving through a beautiful country behind a fine four-horse team, and, perhaps, also from the wild excitement caused in the villages by their arrival, and from the opportunity of displaying their charms before a double line of gawky boys, intently watching their entrance into and exit from the church.

There is one point in which Hollins of the olden time was distinctly inferior to Hollins of the present, and that was in the absence of an infirmary and of a



HOLLINS GIRL OF 1852.

MRS. E. M. FOWLKS (MISS ELIZABETH M. SMITHSON), from Lunenburg County, Virginia, who was a pupil of Hollins the first year it became a school for girls only.

to say, the "Tinnymment" is the scene of these brilliant functions rather than the "Waldorf," as might be expected. At some of the more stately affairs the piazzas are decorated with myriads of Japanese lanterns, and at one end delicious fruit punch and champagne-wafers are served. It is remarkable to see the skill that some of the *bachelor-made friends* acquire in gracefully throwing soft capes over white shoulders, and at the same time whisper soft speeches and "look love to eyes which speak again." The spectators gradually depart and the chaperones begin to look weary ere the lingering strains of "*Home, Sweet Home*" are heard. The dancers reluctantly leave, and merry peals of laughter are heard as they linger on the galleries to say a last *au revoir*, "I'll see you to-morrow at the card party." But to-morrow and the card party never come.



TO THE HOLLINS BELL.

BY A WAKING STUDENT.
(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Toll on!
What though I'm wrapt in slumber sweet?
What though my lessons are unlearned?
What though a frowning glance I meet,
And by the teacher I am spurned?
Never *you* mind!
Toll on!

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
And mark the fleeting time.
Toll on!
It's true I've got no clothes to wear;
It's true McLaughlin's bill is due;
It's true your sound I can not bear—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind
Toll on!

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
And sound your clanging notes.
Toll on!
It's true my duty is not done;
It's true I'm in a sorry plight;
It's true no honors I have won—
But maybe I'll come out all right!
Never *you* mind!
Toll on!

[It tolls on.] S. V. P. AND E. H. B.

in the markets of the cities, yet it was excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. This region was, at that time, considered the garden-spot of Virginia. Its generous soil produced abundant crops of all the cereals; its wheat was manufactured here into flour that was considered to be the best in the land; there was abundance of the best beef, mutton, and bacon; of poultry of all kinds, and of butter and eggs, and in fact of everything that can be produced upon a farm. There was no difficulty in obtaining all these supplies at a moderate cost, as the great markets were far off and difficult to reach, for want of railroad communication. Of such materials was our fare; and it was cooked for us by Aunt Betsy (a corpulent old lady, but a capital cook), assisted by her son, with the laughable name of Fun; and after her departure, by Uncle Randal (an old servant of the Cocke family), who had been trained to his business by one of the best housekeepers in Eastern Virginia, and who successfully maintained the honor of old Virginia cookery. The whole of our domestic economy was under the direction of the dear and honored lady still with us, the consort and helpmeet of the founder; and it goes without saying that in her was always found a generous provider, a careful housekeeper, a beneficent and gracious head of a large household, to whom every one of the young hearts that composed it could come, as to a mother, and confide all their joys and sorrows.

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resident physician. It is true that Hollins has generally been a very healthy place, but sickness did sometimes occur. In those cases the sick girls were treated as best we could, by doctors from the neighborhood, and in their own rooms.

Hollins enjoyed the singular distinction of being one of the few institutions of learning in Virginia that was not compelled to suspend its operations during the civil war. This good fortune was entirely due to its retired situation and remoteness from the region of active warfare. Not only was it not compelled to close its doors, but the number of its pupils was largely increased during the war by young ladies from Maryland and those portions of Virginia in possession of the Federal troops. These young women used Hollins not only as a place of education, but as a place of refuge for the homeless.

But in its retirement Hollins was not entirely free from war's alarms. The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad (now the Norfolk and Western) was one of the principal avenues of communication between Virginia and the Southern States, and cavalry raids were frequently organized in West Virginia, which descended at various points along that railroad, destroying depots and bridges, cutting the telegraph wires, and often wantonly setting on fire the peaceful villages. One day, while we were quietly pursuing our usual avocations, a messenger on a foaming steed announced that the Yankees had burned Salem, and were advancing in the direction of Hollins. The consternation caused by this announcement may easily be imagined. A glance towards Salem confirmed one part of this news, for dense volumes of smoke were seen in that direction, caused, as we afterwards ascertained, by Averill's cavalry burning the freight and passenger depots and bridges at Salem. The omnibus, with four of the best horses, had been sent that day to Salem to meet a train, and was standing at the depot, when the driver, George Newman, seeing a squadron of blue-coats rapidly advancing, put whip to his horses, dashed through the Roanoke River, and though repeatedly fired at by the soldiers, made his escape, and by a circuit of about twenty miles arrived safely at home just before nightfall. One can easily imagine the shout of joy which rose from all the inhabitants of Hollins when the omnibus and horses, which had been given up as lost, made their appearance on the top of the hill. The coolness and judgment of the driver, who under heavy fire had saved the property of the Institute—valuable, and at that time not easy to replace—was the theme of universal praise.

The progress of events once more brought active warfare into the immediate vicinity of Hollins, and this will furnish one more reminiscence of Hollins in war times. The Federal General Hunter, having attempted the capture of the City of Lynchburg, and having been repulsed, commenced a precipitate retreat, not by the route by which he had advanced, but along the line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad. He was closely pursued by a division of General Lee's army under the command of General Early, and there were daily combats between

the rear of Hunter's and the advance of Early's army. When the retreat reached the County of Roanoke, for one whole day the horizon from Bonsacks to Salem was lighted by the flames of burning buildings, and the occasional boom of cannon announced that Early was closely pressing the attack on the retreating foe. The pursuit ended at Salem; for at night General Hunter passed through a defile in the mountains west of Salem, and made good his retreat to the Ohio River. The army of General Early rested in this neighborhood for two or three days before beginning that long march which ended in front of Washington City. During those few days the Hollins girls had their only experience of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Hollins was for a time the headquarters of the army, and officers and soldiers were to be seen everywhere. The patriotic girls gladly welcomed their gallant defenders. The ballroom was thrown open for their reception, and the Hollins girls had the distinction, never enjoyed before or since, of dancing the cotillion and lancers, or of floating through the mazes of the waltz with Lieutenants, Captains, Majors, Colonels, and even Generals.

In justification of the claim that Hollins is an institution devoted to "high thinking," it is only necessary to point out the thousands of Hollins girls scattered over all the Southern and some Northern States. The strength of Hollins is, and has always been, in her alumnae; for it has been by them that this institution has become known in distant States, by applying the scriptural test of character: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Again, we may justify the claim of "high thinking" for Hollins in its earliest days, not only by the example and precept of its lamented founder, but by his calling to his assistance the best attainable talent in carrying on his work. It would be impossible in this essay to mention even by name all the teachers who participated in this work during the time which we are considering. With a general commendation of them all for their capacity and faithfulness, it will not be considered invidious to single out a few of those teachers, who by their talents, learning, energy, and faithful work largely contributed to found that reputation for sound learning and independent thought which Hollins undoubtedly possesses. All of those whose names will be mentioned, except one, have ceased from their earthly labors; and the present writer, who was their co-laborer, ventures to offer this slight tribute to their talents, learning, and high character as gentlemen and teachers.

Mr. J. A. E. Winkler, the first male teacher of music in Hollins, was a gentleman of singular ability in his profession, and of wide and profound general culture. He was a brilliant pianist, and thoroughly acquainted with the science and literature of music. His conscientious and thorough work in fostering an acquaintance with and love of the works of the great masters in music undoubtedly laid the foundation of that high reputation which the musical department of Hollins now possesses. This gentleman, though a German by birth, was truly American in spirit. He was not one of the class now so common, called hyphen-

ated citizens, as German-American, Irish-American; but plain American. Though from his talents and learning he might have occupied a high position in his native country, yet he chose America for his permanent home; for, as he once said, he preferred a country in which personal liberty was the corner-stone of its constitution to one in which the measure of personal liberty was only so much as the reigning sovereign was pleased to grant, or so much as was extorted from him by force. Mr. Winkler's connection with Hollins lasted ten years, and when he resigned to occupy a more advantageous position, his departure was regretted by all.

Another of the valued instructors of those times was Dr. A. B. Brown. He was an eloquent preacher of the gospel, who combined with his ministerial duties the work of teaching, in which he took delight and in which he was very successful. The mind of Dr. Brown was characterized by great analytical power in investigation, and singular clearness of style in presentation to his hearers and pupils. His rare conversational powers, his genial manners, and his unaffected piety gave him great influence in moulding the minds and characters of his pupils.

Dr. L. W. Seeley, his successor, was a minister of wide popularity and a man of vast and varied learning. Having become disabled from continuing the exhausting duties of a large city pastorate, he devoted his time and talents for the remaining years of his life to the work of elevating the minds, manners, and characters of his young countrywomen. His term of service here lasted only a few years, but his influence was decided in developing and elevating the scholastic and academic spirit in the Hollins girls.

Professor Edward S. Joynes is still living and using his ripe scholarship and long experience in teaching in the cause of education in his adopted State of South Carolina. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and afterwards spent several years in study in the German Universities. On his return to America, he was elected a Professor in the College of William and Mary. That institution having suspended at the outbreak of the civil war, he accepted the Professorship of Modern Languages in Hollins. Since leaving Hollins, he has occupied the same chair in Washington and Lee University, in Vanderbilt University, and the College of South Carolina at Columbia, which last position he now holds. He is an accomplished scholar, an elegant gentleman and an author of approved merit in the lines of his studies. His influence at Hollins was all for good, and is felt to this day.

The last name to be mentioned in this connection is that of Joseph A. Turner. This gentleman was a man of rare endowments in mind, person, and character. He was a graduate of Richmond College, and afterwards entered the University of Virginia, where he won the degree of Master of Arts in two years—a result which has been accomplished by only two or three others in the long history of that institution. His career as a teacher was marked by accurate

thinking and untiring industry, and these, combined with graceful person and genial manners, made him a universal favorite among his pupils and colleagues. He was a writer of much elegance and force, and, beside his work in teaching, he had entered the career of authorship by publishing several works, besides leaving behind a large mass of materials which he had gathered for future works. His untimely death, in the prime of life and almost at the beginning of his literary career, was an irreparable loss, not only to Hollins, but to the literature of his native South. There is no one from whom the inner and intellectual life of Hollins has received a deeper impress. Hollins still possesses his mortal remains, laid to rest in the cemetery on the hill; and the best prayer that any friend of Hollins can offer for its future welfare will be, that the unobtrusive piety, gracious manners, and scholarly ability which characterized his life will continue to dominate and mould the social and intellectual life of this ancient seat of learning.

Memory like a white-robed fairy, leads me back into the garden of the seventies and eighties to pluck a few of its numerous flowers for a loving present to the readers of *THE SPINSTER*.

So soon after the dreadful civil war, of which poor Virginia was the main theater, there were, of course, few material advantages to schools. The patronage of Hollins, which had been before and even during the war satisfactory, was suddenly diminished, and only about the year 1870 did other States begin to patronize the school, which in 1901-02 has risen to the surprising number of 248 students.

In the early seventies we knew "the days of small things" and accepted them cheerfully. Immediately after the war, kerosene oil had usurped the sway of candles, and coal grates banished the bright wood fires of other days. But as yet no pretty carpets or rugs covered the floors, and only by degrees spring beds lured wearied minds to rest from intellectual labors. Bureaux—especially those of the present orthodox type—were not in great evidence, and "jumbos and many pillows" were undreamed of. The same bell which had once held sway over the male and female students of Valley Union Seminary, now hung in the cupola of the main building, and summoned aspiring students of the feminine gender alone to their duties. The dining-room, in the basement of the main building, dispensed wholesome and abundant fare three times a day, and few had time to think of further preparation for "the needs of the inner man." No clubs were known in those days, which must consume whole holidays in entertainments to the obvious detriment of next day's lessons. Occasionally a sugar, or oftener a molasses, stew enlivened the prosiness of a holiday, and boxes from home were generally dispensed to teachers and students alike.

In the absence of modern sports, such as golf, tennis, and basketball, exercise was taken in games on the lawn and dancing in the calisthenics hall. The beautiful sloping lawn in front of the buildings often echoed and reechoed with the merry laughter of gay, happy girls, while the dancing-room found devotees as

Hollins
in the
Seventies
and
Eighties



The Future Hollins Girl.

often after dinner as after school. But in respect to kinds of sports, we are willing to admit that our successors have the advantage of us. "Poor things," I think I hear some one say. But wait till I finish. Does not the Bible say, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"? What we lacked in material advantages was abundantly compensated for in intellectual and spiritual possessions. Only twice during the history of Hollins—and both times within the period covered by these reminiscences—has the number of full graduates risen to seven (that wonderful number which in the scriptures seems to typify perfection) and, on one of these commencements, there was only one girl in school, bereft by her own fault of a single distinction, and though her mother brought her as a compensation many "jewels and pretty things," she departed prematurely.

Time fails to mention the number of improvements made at Hollins each year, for no one must think that Hollins was not constantly advancing in material growth commensurate with means at hand. In 1883, the chapel was completed in time for commencement. In 1889, the convenient and well-located Art Building added both numbers and efficiency to the music and art departments, and in 1890 the attractive octagon-shaped dining-room reared its dome-roof in worldly pride over displacing our rather dark basement dining-room of other days.

But there are social and immaterial improvements greater than the rearing of great buildings of either brick or stone. Of this nature was the inauguration in 1873 of Mrs. E. S. Childs as lady principal of Hollins, a position which she maintained in an acceptable manner for more than twenty years. The various and taxing duties of the position were faithfully met, and all who came within the sphere of her influence felt her true piety, intelligence, refinement and interest in the grand work of female education. Many hearts all over this United States are grieving to-day because the world has lost her beneficent influence.

Of kindred nature to Mrs. Childs's work, may be mentioned that of the large and remarkable family of Cockes. It may be doubted whether any other man ever had abler assistants in his life-work than Mr. Cocke; and their best labors were accomplished within the period of these reminiscences. Alas, how many of them have slipped away from earth's labors to heaven's rewards! At the thought of lovely "Rosa," or generous "Miss Mitty," or "Mrs. Turner," or sympathetic "Miss Sally," or noble "Mr. Charley," how many a heart will burn with gratitude and how many a cheek will be bedewed with tears. And what of him—our leader—our father in Israel? When on May 5, 1901, the news came to Hollins "Mr. Cocke is dead," our intellects rebelled against believing what our hearts could not bear. The blessing of his presence and piety and strength vouchsafed so long, seemed to be guaranteed indefinitely. Like Moses of old, he led us on day by day and year by year, while we listened to his lucid explanation of God's word and, with him, we fed on the daily manna of

God's providence. His humble faith, spiritual prayers, and earnest work nerved us to more faithful service.

And what of his noble widow—his better half—whose presence still blesses us? In this case, as with all men who have attained great spiritual success in life, there was "a power behind the throne" in the subtle, magical influences of a good woman's love. To us, as to them, no doubt, there is no adjective which can fitly express her preciousness and our gratitude to God for sparing her useful life in health and strength to this hour.

Though time fails to make more personal reference, we can not close this sketch of the seventies and eighties at Hollins Institute without a passing tribute to the number of godly and intelligent teachers and officers, who contributed vitally to the beneficent results of the period. And it is of present interest to note that, while one of the faculty of 1901-02 began earlier, three others initiated their work in the eighties and quite a number of the best characters and students of that time are now serving their Alma Mater as officers and teachers.

And so, finally, we come to consider the most important characteristic of the period in question—namely, the spiritual one. To breathe a healthy physical atmosphere is of prime importance! To breathe a healthy spiritual atmosphere is of supreme importance! The wireless telegraphy of earnest prayer brought down constant blessings on all heads. Many were turned "from darkness to the marvelous light" of the gospel, and numbers of useful Christian women over the world to-day date their conversion to this blessed period at Hollins. These students were happy: How could it be otherwise? They dwelt in an atmosphere blessed with the oxygen of pure religion and redolent with the violets of perfect trust in their leaders—the carnations of gratified ambition in their studies and the roses of love to God and man.

Hollins of To-day

Hollins might well be described as Washington Irving pictures Sleepy Hollow, in a "lap of land among high hills," for all around us are the mountains, and very near, Tinker stands in silent but majestic guardianship, but the analogy could be carried no further; for except in point of situation, Hollins is a far different place from the immortal valley. A stranger coming around us for the first time would probably think sleep was an unknown quantity unless by some mischance he got a peep into the history class-room between the trying hours of three and four in the afternoon. Then the anxious faces of the imbibers of knowledge would perhaps indicate—if the day happened to be a little warm—that they had been transplanted to the drowsy, dreamy atmosphere of the renowned dale. But this is known only to the teacher and the culprits, and as we never "tell tales out of school," a stranger would never dream of such conduct.

The Hollins girls pursue the even tenor of their way, and are as little disturbed by all outside events, save "current events," as the old Dutch wives, yet they can not, like them, be called "little nooks of still water," for we live in a hustling,

bustling world of our own. Hollins is indeed a little world all to itself, for on account of its location the affairs of outside life have little influence upon us, and are simply noted as events taking place in that life which we have all laid aside, for nine months at least. Here the body of teachers and students bound together by strong ties of mutual interests and affections, follow out their lives, learning each day the duties of true citizenship. For our isolation from every one else makes us so dependent on each other for help and pleasure, that Hollins becomes a teacher of that great lesson of how to live noble, unselfish lives, giving out as well as taking in.

Our isolation does not, however, prevent Hollins from being affected by the inventions of modern times, and here we have such improvements as other well equipped schools are provided with. Radiators have supplanted the wood fireplaces and coal grates of former days, and the modern student of Hollins translates her Livy by the light of electricity, instead of following Hannibal in his perilous journey over the Alps with only the feeble gleam of two tallow candles or an oil lamp to light her on her way.

Situated as we are, with seven long miles between us and Roanoke, and with a road almost impassable in winter, we very seldom get to the theater or any places of amusement that play such an important part in the recreation of a girl in town. Being thus thrown on our resources for entertainment, every Monday night brings forth something new, and great skill and ingenuity are shown by the girls in planning and carrying out novel ideas. One time it is a play, and we can almost imagine ourselves seated in a real theater as the curtain rises to soft music and discloses our own girls in costumes of different lands and times. Then again, in response to flaming posters, we appear, promptly at seven-thirty o'clock, at the "ball-room" door with our dimes and quarters, and when the door is opened find ourselves in the midst of a Convocation of Nations, the booths lining the walls, and the Jap, Turk, Italian, or German, each calling his wares. Or perhaps we are invited to attend a "Mother Goose Party" or Masquerade Ball, with only an hour's time to prepare a costume, for all such entertainments are gotten up on short notice. Then the various social organizations, such as clubs and fraternities, to one or more of which most of our girls belong, give their little receptions and teas, and at rare intervals we have the privilege of attending a "sure enough" reception in the parlors.

Work, however, is our watchword, and no matter how few studies a girl takes up she is always busy. Busy from the ringing of the unwelcome "rising-bell," when a hasty preparation for breakfast is made, until the first triangle rings for dinner. At two o'clock work must be resumed and continued with unceasing energy until four o'clock sets us free for walks, golf, basketball, or tennis. Then immediately after chapel exercises, which follow supper, lessons are the one question of moment until Miss Parkinson's second bell rings. That means

"lights out," but even then some girls are so anxious to work they are willing to be shut up in a closet with their books and a candle, and in imminent danger of setting themselves on fire.

Of course there are different degrees of industry, and according to these is one of the best ways to classify our girls. First we have the girl who has just as much work to do in nine months as one poor mortal can possibly accomplish; and in order to follow her chosen course, she has to cut herself off from her fellow-students, give up the literary societies, which mean so much to us, and miss all little gatherings that make school-life bright and happy. Fortunately for Hollins and for the girls, this type is rare. For the person who lives to herself and in her books does little to perpetuate the school spirit, though she deserves great credit for her powers of concentration, and for the miraculous amount of work she accomplishes. Then comes that class which is loved and respected by all, the girl with a full course, who stands well in her studies, throws heart and soul into her Society work, and occasionally indulges in those social pleasures so dear to a schoolgirl. This is the one who as a rule, wins the honors, and to whom the teachers look to carry out their plans in regard to the student life. Next we have the Athletic girl, with her fresh, breezy nature, who imbibes enough sunshine in her out-door life to dispel the gloom caused by unlearned lessons. There is the "society girl," as she may well be called, who goes to the Germans, belongs to the leading clubs and fraternities, and to whom books—lesson books—are a necessary evil, to be disposed of in as short order as possible. Then we

have a very few of those happy-go-lucky girls who never know a lesson, and waste no time in worrying over unaccomplished tasks. So

here in our little world we have all types, but the leading class are girls with a purpose, earnest in their desire to learn.

Here we spend the short period of our school-life,

surrounded by those great and lasting influences, planted by "our founder and our guide," and

which help us each day to come nearer to our goal of noble womanhood.



In Memory

of

Aurelia Thweatt

Died

The twenty-fourth day of March, Nineteen Hundred
and Two, Helena, Arkansas.

The Sense of Nonsense.

There was a young lady named Hallie,
(Now mind you her name wasn't Sallie)
She is very well re(a)d
From her toe to her head,
This charming young lady named Hallie.

We grieve for poor Aimee Reed, Whose mind has at last gone to seed ; The teachers all said, With a shake of their head, 'T is a monstrous pity, indeed !	Pretty Miss Frances Wait Is considered quite up-to-date, But at basketball She can't play at all, And at meal-times she always is late.
--	---

The wonder Miss Mary Lockhart,
Who is considered so awfully smart,
From gayeties fled,
With a pain in her head,
But learned history, for pastime, by heart.

There is a young lady named Ward Who studied so terribly hard ; She became quite stout From not going out ; This was her only reward.	Now poor little Lucy Camp Is known in the school as a scamp. While skipping one night She caused a great fright By actually burning—a lamp !
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There was a young lady named Carter,
Who laughed till she couldn't laugh harder,
Then stood on her head,
And tearfully said,
" O, I 'm a regular Tartar."

If you can you must meet Miss Lyles, Whose face is all wreathed in smiles. She certainly does dote On a long Raglan coat: To wear one, this girl would walk miles.	There were many young ladies named Cocke, Together they made a great flock ; But this one named Dean May often be seen ; Her head is as hard as a rock.
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The girl named Annabel Bray
Is very peculiar, they say ;
As every one knows
She cares lots for clothes
And causes the teachers dismay.



HOLLINS IN MAY

The Learned Faculty Inrog.

(With Apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

The learned Faculty a while
Will claim your kind attention;
You'll find them here of every style—
Their names I shall not mention.

No one of finely-pointed sense
Would violate a confidence;
And shall I go
And do it? No!
Their names I shall not mention.

'T is she who walks with stately tread,
Now claims your kind attention;
Of Hollins, she 's the honored head—
Her name I shall not mention.

A lady tall with cultured air
Now claims your kind attention;
She 's been abroad and seen things *rare*;
Her name I need not mention.

A young professor with a wife
Would claim your kind attention;
He dotes on rough athletic life—
His name I shall not mention.

And he who teaches science hard
Does claim your kind attention;
He also superintends the yard;
His name I shall not mention.

A teacher and a student, too,
Now claims your kind attention;
She learns Old English thro' and thro'—
Her name I shall not mention.

Our artist fine with paint and brush
Bids claim your kind attention;
She disapproves of gossips' gush,
Her name I shall not mention.

A joker rare and business man
Would claim your kind attention;
He makes us laugh whene'er he *can*;
His name I shall not mention.

She who keeps the pens and books
Now claims your kind attention;
She squelches both by word and looks;
Her name I shall not mention.

And now is she for dry wit known
To claim your kind attention;
Great skill in English she has shown;
Her name I shall not mention.

The lady who delights in teas
Now claims your kind attention;
It seems her gift always to please;
Her name I shall not mention.

The teacher of both boys and girls
Should claim your kind attention;
She does not brook the slightest noise;
Her name I shall not mention.

The teacher from the Eastern shore
Now claims your kind attention;
She *strictly* rules the Waldorf floor;
Her name I shall not mention.

And he who loves both plants and flowers
Now claims your kind attention;
He teaches Latin several hours;
His name I shall not mention.

She 's short, she 's quick, she studies hard,
Who claims your kind attention;
Of reference books she keeps the guard;
Her name I shall not mention.

And look! A foreigner by birth
Must claim your kind attention;
All speech he knows, is full of mirth;
His name I shall not mention.

And she who teaches history dates
Would hold your firm attention;
Her room she ever ventilates;
Her name I shall not mention.

The learned litterateur and pet
Oft claim a fixed attention;
Says he, "The *spirit* you must get!"
His name I need not mention.

The lady who can speak and read
Now claims your kind attention;
Also of dogs she 's fond, indeed;
Her name I shall not mention.

The one who teaches how to write
Now claims your strict attention;
She makes our papers look a sight—
Her name I shall not mention.

The Faculty of Music, sweet,
Now claims your kind attention;
They are with harmonies replete;
Their names I shall not mention.

There are some others, too, of course
(Who need not *your* attention);
In future times *they* will have force;
Their names will then have mention.



Other Hollins Folk.

"So they went forth . . . and the young man's dog with them."—*The Book of Tobit.*

MACAULAY was once "pestered by a most sociable cur who would not be got rid of," and he thought it "odd that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation."

Well, we are not Macaulays, and the spoiling of our conversation is not such high tragedy. So we take a few dogs along when we go to walk, reflecting that if England's brilliant talker would on this account hesitate to join us in a tramp to the Falls we might count on Scott with Maida and the rest, and Irving would see to it that "curs o' low degree" do not fail of appreciation. Robert Louis Stevenson would be making character-studies, and Burns—his own "two dogs" having

"Scour'd awa in lang excursion"—

would come rhyming about how the faithful tykes are too often

"Negleckit,

How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit."

Dr. John Brown's deep-natured "Rab" and Mrs. Browning's "Flush" might look wistfully out upon us, but neither could be enticed to desert his faithful watch beside a bed of pain.

Fortified by these and a host of literary worthies that might be summoned, our mood grows independent and even patronizing, and we recall that, after all, Macaulay had to get his education as best he could at Cambridge instead of at Hollins; hence he probably didn't know any better. So let Macaulay go to the



LEO AND LIT.

Virginia Legislature and discuss the new dog-tax, while we, in preference, will go "to the dogs"—our own Hollins dogs.

First, there is an unmistakable gentleman that has lodgings in the California cottage. His coat is of fine bluish gray. His gait and deportment suggest great dignity and pride of race, for he is one of the Blue Belton setters, though over-feeding and the rheumatism of age doubtless have their share in his stiffness of bearing. Besides his blue blood, Leo has a highly cultivated taste—enjoys

Bach, Beethoven, and fine cigars. It rasps his refined nature and cuts his pride to the quick that his meals are no longer served in the studio; for now even a dog of his age and exclusiveness is expected to take his breakfast out by the hedge with the common *canaille*.

If aristocratic Leo is more congenial to his master, none can be more devoted than Fritz, the plebeian. Last session when the night-watchman thought it well to get a larger dog, Fritz at once, in bitter jealousy, transferred his allegiance from the little lantern he had followed for years, and has since owned no altar but an upright piano, no divinity but the kind musician who gave him a friendly pat when the little dog's sense of wrong was sorest.

If you would like to see this small but rotund Fritz, follow the softest tones of a piano, whispering under a velvet touch. You will probably find the studio door half open, and may look in without disturbing any of the inmates; for old Leo is asleep, reclining amid harmonious blendings of quiet colors; the master is rapt upon his theme, and behind this artist-Norseman sits an ugly, duck-legged, little black beast, in wide-eyed adoration.

Less sociable even than Leo is the brown water-spaniel, Dewey—alias "Toodles," since that Admiral's popularity has waned somewhat. There is no nonsense about Toodles. If he would only notice you at all, you feel as if he might easily address you in the dead languages, refer to the University of Vir-



FRTZ.

ginia as his *alma mater*, and give you the clew to his gravity by quoting *Nil admirari*. You might feel inclined to praise his "sleek curls manifold," to tell him



TOODLES.

"Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely"—

but such a conversation is impracticable with a dog that ignores your presence utterly, except when you go to visit his own classic sanctum. Then only does his manner become hospitable and even cordial, and he snuggles a friendly nose into your hand. Outside he has no eyes but for his owner and the two other members of the family; "us four and no more" would be his prayer, if he ever said prayers other than the mute and trustful appeal in his steady eyes when he sits on a bench outside the dining-room window, watching his master within.

That big fellow yonder is "Lit." Of course you would have known at once that he is of high degree, even had not

"His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar."

He has attended all the lectures in Literature and Senior English for three years, and when you look into his solemn hazel eyes, dare you say what he has taken in?

With strangers L t shows the mild reserve that accompanies due self-respect; but on more intimate acquaintance he lays aside his gravity and becomes boyish, playful, even childish. Full of animal energy, he is always eager for a race through the fields and, like many of the girls, finds the three o'clock hour very boring. Just as a child keeps tugging at its mother's apron, so Lit exhausts every known device to get his master



THE THREE O'CLOCK HOUR.

Affectionate and trustful, Lit is fond of attention, and insists on being noticed. Vain, too, he is—and something of a *poseur*. Quietly discriminating



LIT.

away from those tiresome books and down from that awful "pulpit"; for there he never seems the same, but frowns until the disappointed dog betakes himself to the far end of the room and lies down near the door, trying hard to be patient, but now and then getting up and groaning suggestively.

in the choice of his company, he regards Fritz with rather a patronizing air, though always showing a proper respect for old Leo.

He possesses a vivid imagination and has dreadful dreams, it is said, barking and yelping and trembling as he lies asleep between two bookcases, on one of his master's fur rugs, which match his own white coat. Often he groans and sighs deeply, as if he felt the weight of this weary world upon his shoulders. Yet his conscience is free; his character is thoroughly honest and absolutely without guile. He is no pessimist or cynic; he looks out boldly yet never defiantly upon the world.



YKY.

If Lit is a dog of gentleness and peace, he has a small neighbor two doors away that would fight—yes, he would! He came from Kentucky, and bears the name of his native State; but by some etymological contort on this has developed into an anagram of "Ky," spelled Y-k-y and pronounced "Wykie."

His chief characteristics are curiosity, humor, and independence. See him with dainty steps, as if walking on eggs, approach the biggest braggart of his kind—his stump of a black tail tense with interest, his ears quivering with desire for "a scrap"—and what are broken bones to a dog of his mettle, when the most exclusive ladies on the place put down their silk sofa-pillows to receive the battered little warrior, and kneel to tend lovingly his wounds? Yky belongs to our Business Manager, but having contrived to bring himself very near to death several times in his master's absence, his need raised up—or brought down—for him these other friends also.

"In loving a dog," says John Burroughs, "one is always sure of a full return." In the case of this young and enterprising fox-terrier, however, his dogship recognizes with approval the affection that is lavished upon him, but wears the air of one who is entirely too busy to respond.

Not only the business offices, but the sitting-room of the Lady Principal and the Elocution studio, with all their dainty bric-a-brac, are at his disposal. Like Thomas Bailey Aldrich's dog, in the office of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Yky is the first to look over—and leap over—the mail.

If aristocracy consists not in the fact of having a long line of ancestors but in the knowledge of that fact, Bess is of no degree at all, for nobody knows even who her mother was. But if it is true that intelligence, gentleness, tact, quick and refined sensibilities—to say nothing of certain characteristics of nose and paw—can only be the product of noble ancestry, Bess may indeed lay claim to forbears that in their respective "days" must have lived up to their highest possibilities and been *the very best dogs they could be*, whether a Bench Show was ever graced by their presence or not.

One day last year the Art teacher looked around, to see a little stray dog hiding behind her, a "cow'rin' beastie" seeking protection. The lady said a kind word or two to the trembling and friendless vagrant, but soon began to wish them unsaid, for the waif made up her mind to stay where such words are to be had.

After a month of vain inquiry for her owners, she was formally adopted, having not only won completely her protector's heart, but also conciliated other and grimmer spirits by her unobtrusive way of persistently trusting them when nobody wanted to be trusted.

Unlike the dog that Leibnitz introduced to the scientific world with a vocabulary of over thirty words, Bess can not talk; but she understands speech strangely well, and often makes human nature feel uncanny enough by promptly acting on some chance remark made in her hearing.



BESS.

Though Bess belongs to the Art rooms and is an unusually patient model, still she slips off sometimes to sit with the Organist, or to visit others of her many friends. These she gained by going on quietly—never pushing herself, yet gradually being found everywhere, and looking "all native to her place," even when she had won the citadel of the President's office and found the face and voice gracious, and the rugs and cushions soft.

Bess is so thoroughly refined and sensitive that to have her around is a good antidote for brusqueness; and yet she is activity itself. Living with one ear alert for any call of duty—especially that of chasing stray curs—she is quick as a flash and *at them* before the bigger dogs can turn around. Giving intensely herself, she demands much love, and is jealous even of the attention lavished on her own puppies. If you want to play with them, you must first pay due court to their small madam mother, or she will interpose a wistful, pathetic nose, whining a protest against being supplanted by the rising generation.

Last and best are the puppies themselves—four of them. If you feel lifeless and dull some day after four o'clock, climb to the upper gallery of the Art Building, put your hand over inside the big box, and you will instantly catch some of the stir of life that is pulsing through those four little round bodies, that fling themselves upon the welcome hand and try to climb the arm to get closer. What a rapture of scampering and wagging and wriggling and pushing and rolling and mouthing and scrambling and squealing! Watch them in their sham fights, conducted on a microscopic scale—challenging in the most diminutive growls, nipping one another's ears in the tiniest bites, waving as banners the spryest of tails, and ever rushing to a fresh onset—combatants little bigger than



your fist, but each with the spirit of a Beowulf. Indeed, the prime favorite of



them all wears that hero's name upon his collar, and tussles with his brother Cynewulf as if they were in honor bound to prove by prowess their right to be thus y-clept—especially in the matter of the fierce



final syllable—instead of resting content to owe their names simply to that strong appreciation of early English verse with which the Hollins atmosphere is pervaded.



"THE ANGEL OF THE WILD THINGS."

A Summer Girl.

EVERYTHING and everybody seemed to be in good spirits that day, except Laurie Winston. The sun smiled benignly on the beach, and threw a maze of sunbeams on the placid bay. All the summer boarders, lolling lazily in hammocks, or wandering aimlessly up and down the beach, seemed in perfectly good humor with themselves and the world; and Nest, the little brown-eyed wisp of a creature in white sunbonnet, who walked by Laurie's side, was most bewitchingly gay. Ah! Cupid had mortally wounded poor Laurie's heart during his two weeks of vacation, and to-morrow he must return in despair to the city; for she, little wretch! the cause of all the mischief, had told him with an injured pout that she never thought of him as anything but a good friend, and that it was very boring of him to fall in love with her.

After vainly trying to elicit some mirth from Laurie, Nest breathed an impatient sigh, and, looking very disgusted, said: "You are too provoking for any use! Do take my book to the house and stay there. I'm certainly glad you're going off to-morrow, for you look so doleful that you actually give me the blues."

The poor victim of a summer girl moved with alacrity toward the hotel to do her bidding, and she, after slyly kissing her hand at his dejected back, and muttering softly, "Poor old thing!" walked leisurely up the beach. She sat down on a rock to await his return. Five minutes slowly passed, and no Laurie! "What on earth could be the matter? True, she did tell him to stay, but he was such a dunce to take her at her word!" A half-hour drew itself to a weary close. The sun had driven all the strollers in, but still Nest remained, a most dejected figure, on her rock. "I never have been treated so shamefully before," she was saying; and then glancing down, she saw a small boat fastened to a rock. A naughty twinkle took possession of one of the pretty brown eyes. "I'll make him sorry! I'll run away in this boat and stay a long time, and I bet he'll wish he hadn't treated me so badly."

No sooner said than done: Miss Hazlewood calmly untied the barque, jumped in, and took possession of the oars, which her strong young arms, full of muscle as a result of her basketball days at College, easily plied. Oh! it was, grand on the water! And Nest, very triumphant over her great feat, rowed on and on regardless of the stir that her absence must be causing at the hotel.

It was about dinner-time when this fair adventuress came upon a small, sandy island bathed by the "sun-kissed" waters, where she determined to land and pick up some shells to carry back as trophies from her "treasure island."



Either the sun, or her exultation, or both, had completely turned her usually level little head, for she proudly stepped upon the island, leaving her boat untied, free to go where the current willed.

Nest was really very hungry, but she wouldn't acknowledge it for the world, but determined to give her mother and Laurie a good scare and the gossips something to talk about by staying away until nearly supper-time. Laurie had just that morning given her a little note-book with pencil attached, and she drew it out and amused herself by writing silly nothings; and sketching handsome young men with woe-begone countenances. At length, gayly humming a merry lay, she skipped gracefully to the place where she thought to find her boat, but, lo! it was gone, and the deep, blue waters seemed to mock her and say: "Oh, ho! you thought it was very fine to be independent, but how do you feel now?"

A very pathetic expression came into the liquid brown eyes, which looked hopeless as they gazed from the boatless bay to the distant shore. She saw the sails of a few fishing-boats about a half-mile away, but she remembered that the part of the bay she was in was little frequented by fishermen. She sat down on the sand, a mournful figure, and gave herself up to melancholy meditations. "How long did it take one to starve to death? Not long, surely. She had eaten nothing since breakfast, and she was almost—yes, absolutely sure that she was in the death-throes of starvation now. She could not possibly live until they found her. Oh! what would her mother think to see her cold and dead! And Laurie! She had treated him cruelly, and yet, she loved him, and he would never know it. Oh! that must not be!" She drew out the note-book he had given her and hastily scribbled: "Dearest, I love you, and always shall. Forgive and don't forget your own Nest."

"Should she pin this to her dress? No, for the sharks might come and drag her into the water." She shuddered; then, resolutely drawing off a heavy gold ring, she tied the piece of paper to it with her love chain, and put it down on the sand in the center of the island where the water could not reach it, and carefully surrounded it with shells. She smiled through her tears to think of the two emblems she was leaving for him. "Now," she thought, "I can die more peacefully"; and she very resignedly threw herself down.

She didn't hear the splash of oars vigorously plied until a known and well-loved voice holloed to her: "Well, little Miss Runaway! I've found you at last!"

"Oh, Laurie!" she exclaimed joyously, giving vent to her happiness in a manner that he might well have deemed proof of something more than "good friendship," but which he resolutely attributed to her impulsiveness. On the trip home Nest was radiantly happy, and treated him to such heavenly smiles and gentle words that the poor fellow was sorely tempted to believe that his sun of happiness was arising; but he had seen too much of her seasons of storm and sunshine to put faith in any outburst now.

At last they reached their destination, and he helped her carefully out. "Oh! Laurie!" she exclaimed, at the hotel steps, "What shall I do? I left my lovely new sunshade on that horrid little island."

"Shall I go get it for you?" he said obligingly.

"Why, if you are not too tired, it certainly would be sweet of you, dear"; and of course these words gave him wings.

Arrived at the island, Laurie found the sun-shade rather the worse for wear, and was just going to turn his face homewards again when something tiny and glittering in the middle of the island attracted his attention, and he went back to investigate. He immediately recognized Nest's ring and chain, and with astonishment picked them up and read what seemed to him to be the eighth wonder of the world. "Surely this was meant for him; her actions had proved it. Oh! was such happiness in store for him?"

The little boat sped over the water back to the pier as if it were winged, and ever its occupant repeated: "Dearest, I love you, and always shall."

It was quite dark when he reached and stepped out on the shore. He knew that he could not see his sweetheart until after supper, but "he would be patient," he told himself. He sent the parasol to her and then proceeded to "get himself up regardless."

It was a very cool, collected little woman who allowed him to lead her out on the piazza that evening, and Laurie's heart fell as soon as she spoke. "I am very tired," she said, "so mean to retire early to-night. I suppose you leave to-morrow?"

"Yes. Will you miss me, Nest?"

"I don't suppose I'll have time to think of you; I hear there are the 'swellest' sort of men coming to-morrow."

"Oh! indeed! Did you get your parasol?"

"Yes, I believe you did send it to me; much obliged."

Five minutes passed, minutes of silence except for the tapping of Nest's foot.

"Nest," Laurie exclaimed, suddenly, "don't you love me just a little?"

"Laurie, Laurie!" she said, petulantly "why do you have to broach that subject again? I'm sure I think you might believe me when I say that I care absolutely nothing for you."

"I believed—I thought, that is—I hoped that from the way you acted this afternoon you might have changed your mind."

"Well! you were very presumptuous. I'm sure that, if you refer to my throwing my arms around your neck, I would have acted the same with that snaggle-toothed fisherman whom we saw yesterday, under the same circumstances. I'm glad you're going, for you watch and weigh my slightest action most provokingly."

"Ah! dream too bright to last!" It was evidently some other favored mortal for whom that slip of paper was intended; and Laurie took his departure the next morning with a heavy heart.



The "swells" arrived the day Laurie left, and while the gossips were nodding, and ohing, and ahing over "the poor dear young man!" and the "heartless wretch," Laurie, at his work was humming, "Never, never, never, fall in love if you would happy be," and Nest was growing rosier every day, and managing the dozen "strings to her bow" with the utmost skill. Although at times, especially at the mail delivery, she would frown a little and wonder why a certain letter never arrived, she would soon smile again, nod knowingly, and say to herself: "It will be all right. I must be a true summer girl for one season, and have my fun."

And thus the summer glided into Autumn, and Nest returned to the city to be Miss Hazlewood, the débutante. The morning after her arrival, Elsa Winston, Laurie's sister, called on her. "Why, Elsa," she said, "I didn't know you had returned from the mountains."

"Yes, you know, I was called home on account of Laurie's illness."

"Laurie's illness!" with a little gasp.

"Why, my dear, hadn't you heard? He has had typhoid fever, and we gave him up; but he is out of danger now, I'm thankful to say!"

"And I never knew it!" Nest said, and there was a suspicion of a sob in her voice.

The next morning when Laurie received his mail, a small tinted note immediately attracted his attention. Opening it eagerly he read the words: "Dearest, I love you, and always shall. Forgive, and don't forget your own, Nest." The doctor found his patient so much improved that morning that he ordered him out in the air, and pronounced him on the road

to recovery. * * * * *

* * * * *

The following summer, on a small, sandy island in a "sun-kissed" bay, under a faded parasol, much the worse for wear, sat a couple, in whose faces there is radiant happiness. In the girl's hand is a gold ring, to which is tied with a love chain, a slip of paper. The two heads are bending low over it, and both faces are beaming happily upon it.

CORA H. MAULDIN.



Side-Talks for Boarding-School Girls.

Edited by MISS M. F. P. ARKINSON.

Answers to Correspondents.

ILDRED MALBERRY—Dear friend, in regard to your health, I will say that if you wish to cast a truly healthful atmosphere around you, you must try to develop your physical nature by taking little sun-baths daily. By all means get out of the artificial heat of your bed-room and let the breezes blow on your little cheeks.

UCIE CLAMP—If you wish to entertain a little circle of friends socially, why, it is always in good form to pass around marmalade and tea. I would suggest that you amuse your friends with a game of Authors so that they will return to their homes with the consciousness of having given out what is truly womanly in them.

ELLEN HURQUHART—No, my dear, your silk waist with the dark skirt will not do for the concert. I advise you to wear the décolleté gown. I am sure your mother has provided you with something suitable.

MORA CAULDIN—Do not place the unction on your soul that it is wrong to make egg-nog on Sundays. At Vassar, it is customary always to serve a little wine to friends during the quiet hour.

JOSIE DASPER—Dear friend, at boarding-school, it is not desirable to wait for your friends in the crowds around the dining-room door, although it does make a favorable impression on the visitors. If your friends really wish to see you, they will seek you out.

CAVINIA LOKER—Dear girl, save your little secrets to confide to your friends when you enter the chapel. The homelike hum is so uplifting just before services.

AURA LENCER—Dear little friend, your loss of flesh is very distressing. I would suggest that you try that well-known form of *Cod Liver Oil*,—*Maltine*. It is very pleasant to the taste, and will soon restore your vigor for the winter.

WALLEM ARD—If a really respectable gentleman sits beside you on the train, it is recognized as good form to encourage him by a few glances, or by the exchange of cards. The friendship may prove beneficial to both.

JILA LESTER—Indeed, my dear, from what you write, I am afraid you are studying too much, and overtaxing your strength. That is unfair to your parents. You should get out of yourself, and come more in touch with your schoolmates in general. Be a true citizen, and create for yourself a place in the world. You have no idea how your influence will be felt.



CHRISTMAS TIME

Social Items.

ON Monday morning of the Christmas holidays, it was announced to the washer-women at Hollins that the girls were going to give their annual Christmas Tree to the colored boys and girls, and that all between the ages of five and twelve were invited to be present at four o'clock Christmas Day. **The Christmas Tree.**

Long before the appointed hour on Wednesday, great and small came flocking from the foot of Little Tinker and all the surrounding region. Each one was dressed in his best Sunday clothes, with his shoes "creaking" loudly, while his face shone like a mirror, partly from pleasure, and partly from the scrubbing it had received. There were little fellows who were very small for three, and great tall ones, much overgrown for twelve, but they all managed to get within the required age limits.

For fully two hours, the expectant crowd waited at the back door of the East Building, and at last their patience received its reward. The ball-room doors were opened, and a ragtime march was struck up, and then there was such a pattering of feet, as two and two they kept coming in until the great dazzling Christmas Tree was completely surrounded by the fifty little black faces.

How many little hearts beat faster and how many little faces brightened as the dolls and horns and boats and bags of candy were cut from the cedar branches and given over to them for their very own. They were indeed very grateful to the girls for such a treat, and when the tree had been stripped of all its glory, they showed their gratitude by reciprocating in a manner most becoming. Some one suggested that they cake-walk and dance and sing, which suggestion was carried out with utmost enthusiasm, to the amusement and delight of the Hollins girls.

"Who 'll start the song?" was the first question to be settled.

"Thalia! Thalia Bolden!" was the unanimous reply, as ready and smiling, Thalia stepped forth and sang—

"An' my sins are taken away!"

And soon forty-nine other sopranos, tenors, and altos chimed in, and made the old "East Tinnymment" sound and resound. Next a cake-walk was called for, and others being shy about coming forward, Thalia Bolden again brought herself into prominence. She was followed by many others, when it was found that the remaining oranges and bags of candy were being given to those who performed.

The frolic was kept up until it was quite dark, and then the little throats were strained for the last time, in praise of their native land. As "America" died out, the music was started again, and out the children filed, carrying lighter hearts and heavier hands than when they came in. The few approving mothers who had come to witness the scene, followed, and the Christmas Tree was over.

**The
"Tinnymment"
Reception.**

Christmas night was celebrated by a reception held in the Institute parlors. The "Tinnymment House-Party" received, and all the Hollins folk assembled to make merry over a glass of punch and a bit of fruit cake.

**The
Mock
Wedding.**

The next feature of the holidays was the mock wedding on Thursday night. It was then that Esther Gedge Harrelson was wedded to Gæthe Armistead and the ceremony was performed in a most solemn and impressive manner by the Rev. Allen Ward.

The church was artistically decorated with garlands of cedar and festooned with holly and evergreen. The bridal party entered to the sweet strains of Lohengrin, beautifully rendered by Professor Charles Elwell. The two ushers were the first to make their appearance, from opposite doors, and they were followed by the little flower girls and pages. Then came the four bridesmaids marching in twos, and after each couple, two groomsmen. The bridesmaids wore dainty blue and pink organdies, and carried shower bouquets of cedar tied with satin ribbon to match their gowns, while the groomsmen wore full evening attire. The whole party grouped themselves around the altar, forming a most effective picture. Just preceding the bride came the maid of honor, Miss Lucile Carter, who looked lovely in an evening dress of soft white mull, and carried a bouquet tied with white ribbons.

All was hushed excitement as the bride entered, leaning on her father's arm, and at the same time from an opposite door, the groom, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Hafford Porter, of Illinois, entered, and met the bride at the altar.

The groom looked his handsomest and the bride was unusually beautiful in a gown of white grenadine, made *en trainé*, trimmed in lace and point d'esprit. The

corsage was cut high, and finished with tiny frills, while her veil, an heirloom, was most tastefully arranged with orange blossoms, caught in her rich auburn hair. On the front of her gown, she wore a very handsome brooch, the gift of the groom.

The bridesmaids were: Miss Pollard, Miss Reeves, of Texas; Miss Cocke, of Virginia, and Miss Durst.

The groomsmen were: Messrs. Dickson, Thom, Stedman, and Bassett, and the ushers Messrs. Jasper and Gedge. The little pages were Masters Willingham and Coutouric, and they were accompanied by little Aimee Reed and Etta Blanchard, the flower girls.

The bride is one of the belles of Hollins and is greatly admired for her beauty and charming manners. She has been spending the winter at Hotel Main, and no doubt she will be greatly missed when she moves to the Waldorf, where she will reside in the future. The groom is a man of good repute and splendid business prospects, having occupied the position of cashier in the Armistead Bank for quite a number of years.

A great many distinguished guests came from afar to attend this notable Hollins wedding and are now stopping with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bylle-Henry Harrelson. They are Miss Steel, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Hornor, of Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. Kimbrough, of Tennessee.

On Friday night, "Mrs. Sniggles" introduced her family of charming daughters to the Hollins public. This was quite an amusing dramatic entertainment gotten up by the younger set, the proceeds of which went towards purchasing a Christmas box for the orphans in Salem.

**A
Dramatic
Performance.**

Ragtime music, ragtime dances, and ragtime songs were rendered on Monday night by regular ragtime girls, and the Ragtime Recital was regarded as one of the rare occasions of the holidays, then nearly ragged out.

**Ragtime
Recital.**

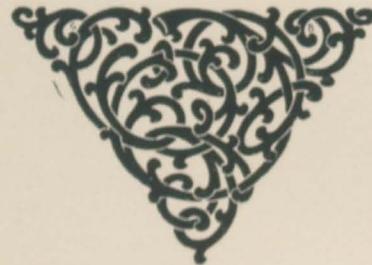
The old year went out and the new was ushered in at Hollins amid gay and festive scenes. The occasion was celebrated by a delightful New Year's party, given by Miss Matty Cocke. It was then that Faculty and girls vied with each other in being pleasant, in their knowledge of authors, and their ability to guess. A clever literature game was played, each answer of which was some author's name, and Miss Elizabeth Puryear was the fortunate winner of the prize.

**The New
Year's
Party.**

Every one was in high spirits for the last time in 1901, and the "jolly good time" was kept up until an hour quite late—for Hollins folk, anyway. At eleven, a most delicious supper was served, consisting of olives, salad, biscuits,

chocolate, ices and cake, but when the "iron tongue of midnight" tolled the dying breaths of the year, the scene was shifted to the long gallery of the Main Building. Mr. Duke stood on the front steps, shouldering a great big gun, while all up and down the porch the guests of the party were scattered. At the last stroke of the clock, "bang!" went one barrel of the shotgun after the other, and the year 1902 had begun at Hollins. New Year's greetings were exchanged and good-nights were said. This was the ending of the New Year's party, the end of a happy night, the end of the Christmas holidays, and to many Hollins girls it seemed the end of everything.

E. H. B.



Little Missus.

RIDING along a country road one summer morning, my attention was attracted by a house which sat far back off the road, in a large yard full of forest trees. The house was one of those which stand as a monument to that generation which will have soon passed away. It was one of those old homes of colonial style whose very appearance indicated the hospitality of its inhabitants. It seemed to be, instead of reviving with all nature around it, losing its grasp on the present in clinging to its old memories and associations.

At the far corner of the yard I noticed an old darkey, who looked as if he might have reached the century mark, nailing up one of the many rails which had fallen off the fence. I rode up to where he stood, but waited for some minutes unobserved. I broke the silence by saying, "Good morning, Uncle. Can you tell me whose place this is?" He made a respectful bow, and answered: "I kin, sar; h'it belongs to Mars George now, but h'it used to belong to my ole Mars, Margins Richardson." "Yas, boss," he continued, "this is whar ole Mars lived, but law, it don't look nuthin' like it used to. H'it used to be the finest house in dis part of de country. Thar wuz Colonel Land's down the road, but 't warn't never nuthin' like dis."

I saw that he wanted to talk to me, so I proposed that we sit down under one of the trees. As soon as we were seated he began again. "Yas, dat 's Colonel Land's place down de road, an' 'fore de war our folks used to be all de time over dar, or dem over heah. Mars George used to be always with our chilern. Dey wusn't much chilern. Mars Carter, he wuz twenty, an' Miss Dorothy, my Little Missus, she wuz the prettiest little thing you ever saw. She wuz seventeen. Wal, when de war broke out we wuz on one side, an' de Colonel wuz on de other—of cose we wuz Confiderites. Wal, de mornin' we heard about de war, Ole Mars rode ober to de Colonel's, an' when he came back, his face wuz all white, an' his eyes wuz fiery like. He called de chilern up an' he say: 'Don't you ever go over to the Colonel's or speak to George Land again; the Colonel has insulted me in his own house.' Mars Carter was mad in a minute, but Little Miss, she cried real soft like, and say that h'it aint Mars George's fault. Ole Mars he pat her on de head an' he say, 'Thar now, honey, don't you cry.' An' then she made him tell her all de Colonel done said, an' she stop crying, and she toss her head up, an' her eyes gits black, she 's jest that mad."

"That 's the way de hard time begin. When de call for soldiers come, Ole Mars he 's too old to go, but young Mars he goes. An' Ole Miss kiss him good-bye jess as brave, but after he 's gone she shet herself up, and cry'd a long time. Then, dem Yankee soldiers come and they steals all our horses. Ole Mars, he won't let me hide nuthin', cause he say, 'Dey'll git 'em anyway.' At the end of the year, de news come that young Mars wuz dead, and they brung

him home and buried him down in the little graveyard. Wal, after that Ole Miss jess pine away and nuthin' can't he'p her. An' one month after we buried Mars Carter we laid her right dar by him.

"Then there warn't nobody but Ole Mars and Little Missus. Ole Mars he don't seem like hisself. Every time we h'ar about our soldiers gettin' beat, he would pay no 'tention to nobody but Little Missus. But when he hears about our beatin' the Yankees he's more like himself. I knowed he warn't gwine to live very long, and I tole Liza so, an' one day he calls us up an' tells us he's gwine to die an' he wants us to take keer of Little Missus. Shure nuff it warn't long 'fore he died, an' when he's gone, Little Missus she wuz so lonesome, and she used to come down to de kitchen an' say to Liza, 'Mammy, I believe I'se gwine to die.' She didn't keer about nuthin' but her flowers, and every day Liza used to go with her to the graveyard to put dem dar, an' all the time she keeps gittin' paler an' thiner. One day, she say she b'lieve she'll go riding, an' I addles the only horse that wuz left, an' I gits my ole horse an' rides along behind. We wuz gwine along the road, when I sees a man coming from de other direction, an' I knowed right away it was Mars George. Dey meet an' he looked at her sort o' tender, like he wanted to speak, but she carried her head up high, an' never even looked at him. After he gits by, she turned her head to look at him an' dar wuz tears in her eyes, an' jist at that minute he turned round an' saw her lookin', then she tried to mek out like she wuz lookin' at me, an' she say, 'Lane, git me that elder blossom,' but I knowed she warn't keerin' 'bout no elder, an' I b'lieve he did, too. Dat night I tells Liza about it, an' I say that man's gwine to marry her some day. Little Missus she kept lookin' worser an' worser, an' one day Liza come out an' she sez, 'She's lying on the couch in the settin' room, an' I's feard she's gwine to be mighty sick.' And Miss Rebecca says, 'She mighty uneasy 'bout her,' but Little Missus keeps on a saying, 'she hain't sick.' When I heerd that, I sez to Liza, I'se gwine fer de doctor, but Liza speaks up and sez, 'You allers wuz a fool, Tom; ain't you got sense nuf to know ain't no doctor but Mars George gwine to make Little Missus well? Now you go git Mars George, dat's de doctor you go git, and you jist tell him what I tells you.' I allers believed ole Bill knowed who I was gwine for, cus he never trotted as he did dat ar day. Mars George was walking up and down de path. I walked right up to him and sez: 'Little Missus looks like she's a pinin' away for sumpin, an' I believe if she don't git it she's gwine ter die, an' I tell you, Mars George, I believe it's you she's pinin' fer.' Wal, sar, he jest hollers to a nigger to bring him his horse, an' 'fore I kin turn around he done started up de road. Liza tole me afterwards dat when he got dar he leaved his horse standing right in the drive, an' run up de steps to de house, an' when he gets to de door of the settin' room he walk right by her into de room. Little Missus wuz a layin' dar so tired and pale lookin', and when she seed him she smile an' say, 'I knowed you'd come.' An' Liza didn't hear nuthin' more.

"When I come up Mars George wuz standin' on the porch, his face all shin- ing, an' he tell me to go back an' take dis note to his father. I went back and found the ole gentleman settin' on de porch. When I tole him what Mars George sed, he read de note an' studied a minute, an' then he tells me to have de car- riage hitched up. When he got dar Little Missus wuz settin' on de poorch in a big cheer. Mars George helped de Colonel up de steps, an' when he got to Little Missus, he stooped over and kissed her hand, an' sed: 'Poor little girl, we gwine to forget all, ain't we?'"

"Well," I ventured to ask, "were they ever married?"

"Married? Well, I should think they wuz married! Dat very night Mars George sez to me, 'Tom, your young Missus and me gwine to get married.' Yas, sar, sez I, I knowed it, if I is a fool like what Liza sez I is. De next day dey sent me to fotch de preacher, and dey was married soon after he got dar. When 't was all over Little Missus, she just throw her arms 'round Liza's neck and sez: 'Mammy, I ain't gwine to love you less, cus I love somebody else. You knowd what kind of medicine as 't was gwine to cure me, and I owes all my happiness to you.' She never sed nuthin' 'bout owing me nuthin'; but she sqez my hand, and dat wuz nuf sed. Well, after de wedding, Mars George he moved over heah, an' Miss Becky, dat's Mars Margin's sister, she died jest two months from de day of de wedding; so Mars George an' Little Missus lived heah all by deyselves. My! but dey wuz happy. Little Missus wuz jist like a bird a chirping 'round."

"Are they still living here?" I broke the silence by asking.

"Still a living heah? Don't you know folks can't stay dat happy, in dis heah world, fer long? After dey put Little Missus in de parlur I steals in when nobody wuz 'round an' I put de violets on her white hands, an' I drapped on my knees by her white coffin, an' I asked the good Lord, best I could, please not to make me stay heah without Little Missus, but he ain't ever heerd me. Mars

George he went away de next day after dey put Little Missus over yon- der 'tween her papa and mamma, an' he ain't come back yit. Liza an' me, we's still a waitin' fer him. Pore Little Missus! Pore Mars George! But dey wuz too happy! dey wuz too happy! I used to tell Liza, 't ain't gwiner las'!"

The old darkey had gotten up, and was leaning on the handle of his spade. His head was bent low, as if to hide the tears that were stream- ing down his withered cheeks. He did not hear me when I arose to go, and I slipped away, leaving him alone with his sorrow, and the holy associations of a living past.



Glimpses From My Window.

ONE February afternoon I sat at the front window of my warm and cozy room in the Main Building, at Hollins. Outside the snow was falling fast ; in fact, it had been falling steadily since morning. The grass, the walks, the roofs, and a part of each gallery were covered with snow, and the branches of the trees near my window and of those scattered about the lawn were all heavily laden.

While I sat there the flakes became smaller and smaller, they fell more slowly until at last they ceased to fall altogether. And then on the ground and on the roof of the gallery below my window the little English sparrows hopped dis-
solately here and there in search of something to eat. Soon I saw the express wagon roll around the corner of the East Building, and then stop at the front entrance of the Main Building. The wagon made its own fresh track in the deep snow, and I saw the snow fly from the wheels and from under the hoofs of the horses. About an hour later, groups of girls, warmly wrapped in coats, furs, and tam-o'-shanters, emerged from the West Building. Dragging their long toboggans, they trudged through the snow towards the high hill, down which many a joyful girl had coasted in winters gone by.

A few days after the snow had fallen, I sat again at my window, and saw that the snow had melted away almost entirely, the paths were wet and muddy, the wind blew a strong, swift gale. Everywhere the eye could reach the bleak and desolate landscape presented a striking contrast to the beauty of the lawn where every rough ridge, every dark hollow, and the bare branches of each tree and plant were covered with a soft mantle of snow.

S. V. P.





KODAK VIEWS.

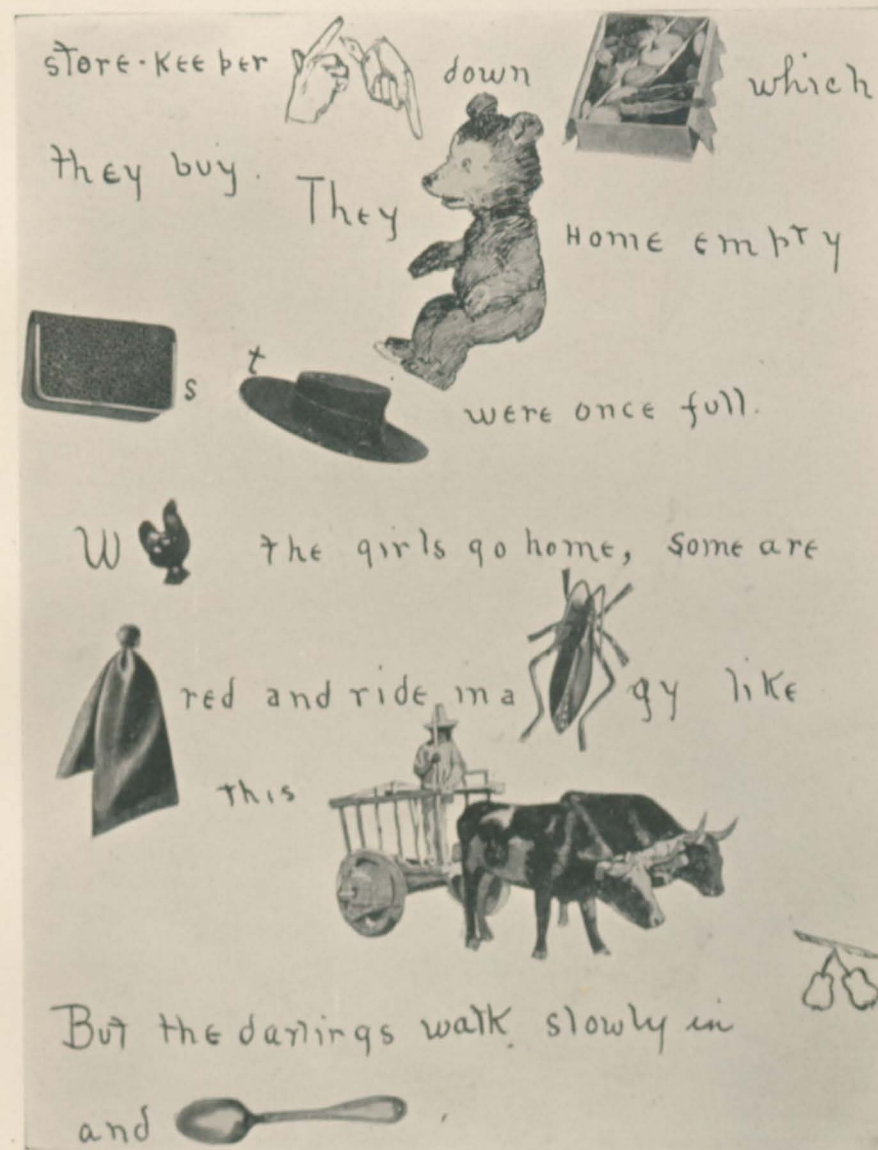
In the dark, night-time hours thy face I see ;
 Thine azure eyes with a soul-thrilling look
 Pierce thro' my quiet slumbers ; breathlessly
 I gaze and gaze, as tho' with dumbness struck,
 Into the gloom. Oh, art thou truly there,
 Or is it but thy phantom passing fair ?

Amid the fever of the noon-day's toil
 I feel thy presence near to guide me on ;
 I seem to touch thy hand—the irksome toil
 And round of useless labor all are gone—
 This life of sorrow is a Paradise,
 If lightened only by thy gracious eyes.

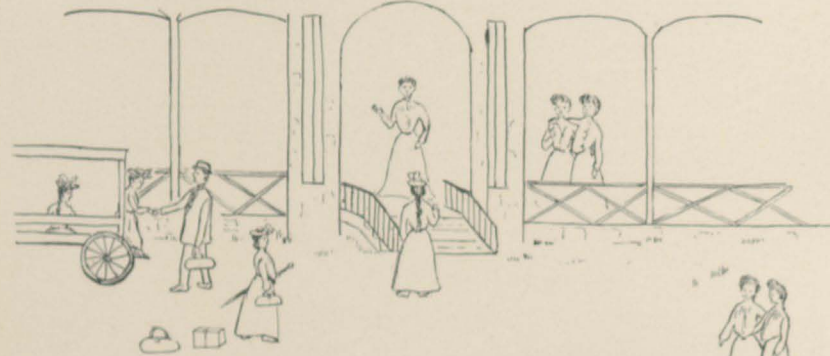
Now that the day is over, and the West
 Is bathed in rosy splendor, most I love
 To steal away into the twilight rest
 And wander musing, till the stars above
 With tender glory touch the silent land,
 Like to thy smile, beloved, or to thy gentle hand.

MAY HUME.

A Story from the Hollins Primer.



Hollins Calendar 1901-1902.



SEPTEMBER

OPENING DAY Wednesday, 11th
 YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION RECEPTION Saturday, 14th
 MCKINLEY MEMORIAL SERVICES Thursday, 19th



OCTOBER

FACULTY RECITAL Monday, 7th
 TINKER DAY Saturday, 12th
 SENIOR DRAMATICS Monday, 14th
 RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE Saturday, 19th
 PROFESSOR J. S. AMES, Johns Hopkins University.
 FIRST SOIRÉE Monday, 21st



NOVEMBER

LIQUID AIR Saturday, 23d
 DR. F. D. WILSON, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.
 THANKSGIVING DAY Thursday, 28th
 OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS Friday, 29th
 DR. W. B. HUFF, Johns Hopkins University.



DECEMBER

EUPHIAN PLAY—"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" Monday, 9th
 ALFRED THE GREAT Saturday, 14th
 HELPS TO THE QUIET HOUR Sunday, 15th
 PROFESSOR THOMAS HUME, University of North Carolina.
 FALL CONCERT Monday, 16th
 CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS December 21st to January 2d



JANUARY

OPEN SESSION OF EUZELIAN SOCIETY	Saturday, 4th
JOINT PLAY—"THE BUTTERFLIES"	Monday, 20th
"LEE EVENING"—PUBLIC MEETING OF EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY	Saturday, 25th
RECITAL BY STRING QUARTETTE	Monday, 27th



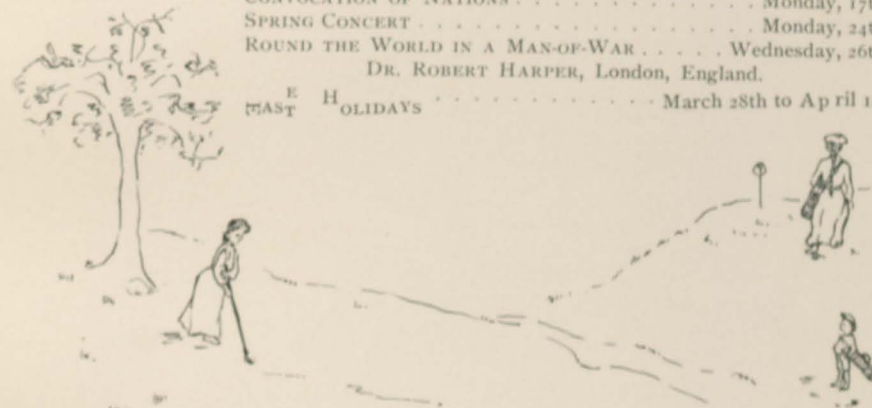
FEBRUARY

SENIOR CLASS RECEPTION TO THE FACULTY	Monday, 10th
SENIOR ELOCUTION RECITAL—AMERICAN AUTHORS	Tuesday, 11th
SENIOR ELOCUTION RECITAL—BROWNING	Thursday, 20th
A TRIO OF ROMANTICISTS	Friday, 21st
BYRON, KEATS AND SHELLEY, PROFESSOR W. C. KENT, University of Virginia.	
EUZELIAN PLAY—"THE LITTLE MINISTER"	Monday, 24th
PEABODY RECITAL	Tuesday, 25th



MARCH

SENIOR ELOCUTION RECITAL	Thursday, 6th
TENNYSON.	
UNIFICATION OF ITALY	Monday, 10th
PROFESSOR S. C. MITCHELL, Richmond College.	
CONVOCATION OF NATIONS	Monday, 17th
SPRING CONCERT	Monday, 24th
ROUND THE WORLD IN A MAN-OF-WAR	Wednesday, 26th
DR. ROBERT HARPER, London, England.	
EAST HOLIDAYS	March 28th to April 1st



APRIL

SONG AND PIANO RECITAL	Monday, 7th
MISSSES MARIE ESTES AND ROSALIE THORNTON.	
SENIOR ELOCUTION RECITAL	Thursday, 10th
SHAKESPEARE.	
PIANO RECITAL BY MISS PLEASANTS'S PUPILS	Monday, 21st
ORGAN AND PIANO RECITAL	Monday, 28th
MISSSES ESTELLE BATTAILE AND ELISABETH HONOR.	



PIANO RECITAL BY MR. BODELL'S PUPILS	Monday, 5th
PIANO RECITAL BY MR. ELWELL'S PUPILS	Monday, 12th
PIANO RECITAL BY MR. MACK'S PUPILS	Monday, 19th
PIANO RECITAL	Monday, 26th
MISSSES MABEL BASSETT, KEATTS BISCOE, AND SADIE CAVITT.	
COMMENCEMENT	May 30th to June 4th



A Bachelor Affair.

ON Monday night before the prescribed entertainment for the evening begins, all the girls who dance and those who are ambitious to learn before "next summer," hurry from the tea-table to the ball-room to enjoy an hour or so of this delightful recreation. But at the dances given by the Cotillion Club only those of the fair sex who have fascinated with their wily charms the susceptible *ladylike bachelors*, are favored with invitations. To become a member of the C. C. it is necessary not only to be a good dancer, but also to possess some skill in the art of guiding.

Few Monday nights are left unengaged in this busy Hollins world, but when one does offer itself it is eagerly seized as an opportunity for a *bachelor affair*. Some of the bachelors appear at supper in their semi-masculine attire. This is a regulation suit consisting of a black walking-skirt, a cutaway jacket, a large expanse of white shirt-waist, turnover collar and a black tie. The masculine effect is completed by the severe arrangement of the hair which is smoothly parted on one side, the braid successfully, but uncomfortably concealed beneath the waist and held in place by the collar.

According to the approved style, these dances begin rather late. About eight o'clock each Philander with his true love gathers in the hall outside the ball-room. The spectators inside are clinging closely to the wall, while in one corner two or three apparently elderly ladies are sitting. These are the chaperones whose dignity has greatly increased, and whose hair has grown suddenly grey since we last saw them playing tether ball.

At the signal of the leader the party enters the ball-room. The first duty is to greet the chaperones, and empty nothings are said, and hollow society laughs are so reproduced that they would be approved of by the Four Hundred of the Knickerbocker town. Occasionally are heard such expressions as "Hello, Dick, old man; how are you?" or, "Why, Miss C., I scarcely hoped to see you here. When did you return from Paris?" and "Miss B., don't forget you have the first break with me." During the grand march the chaperones and stags cast approving glances at the young ladies, who are indeed charming in their airy gowns. Here and there is one whose escort has even been reckless enough to send her flowers.

Many pretty figures are led successfully by one of the more accomplished members of the Cotillion Club. During the intermission the couples promenade on the wide gallery of which the "Tinnymment" is the proud possessor. Strange



to say, the "Tinnymment" is the scene of these brilliant functions rather than the "Waldorf," as might be expected. At some of the more stately affairs the piazzas are decorated with myriads of Japanese lanterns, and at one end delicious fruit punch and champagne-wafers are served. It is remarkable to see the skill that some of the *bachelor-made friends* acquire in gracefully throwing soft capes over white shoulders, and at the same time whisper soft speeches and "look love to eyes which speak again." The spectators gradually depart and the chaperones begin to look weary ere the lingering strains of "*Home, Sweet Home*" are heard. The dancers reluctantly leave, and merry peals of laughter are heard as they linger on the galleries to say a last *au revoir*, "I'll see you to-morrow at the card party." But to-morrow and the card party never come.



TO THE HOLLINS BELL.

BY A WAKING STUDENT.
(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Toll on!
What though I'm wrapt in slumber sweet?
What though my lessons are unlearned?
What though a frowning glance I meet,
And by the teacher I am spurned?
Never *you* mind!
Toll on!

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
And mark the fleeting time.
Toll on!
It's true I've got no clothes to wear;
It's true McLaughlin's bill is due;
It's true your sound I can not bear—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind
Toll on!

Toll on, thou bell, toll on!
And sound your clanging notes.
Toll on!
It's true my duty is not done;
It's true I'm in a sorry plight;
It's true no honors I have won—
But maybe I'll come out all right!
Never *you* mind!
Toll on!
[It tolls on.] S. V. P. AND E. H. B.

My Legacy.

CONSIDERED myself very much of a martyr when on my eighteenth birthday, at the breakfast table, my father turned to me and said, "My dear, your Aunt Elizabeth writes to me to know if we can not spare you for a visit to her. She is lonely in her large house and needs young company to cheer her. You have heard me speak of Aunt Elizabeth, have you not?"

Yes, I had, but only as an invalid who had been confined to her chair many years, and lived in an old country home with a few faithful servants.

"I would like very much for you to go," father continued, decidedly, "but, of course, you shall be free to do as you please; you may think it over."

I did think it over, and went. I have a very decided recollection of my Aunt as I first saw her. Her invalid chair had been rolled out into the garden where she might welcome me. When I came up the walk she was sitting placidly with her hands folded in her lap. Her black, satin dress, which I afterwards learned was her state robe, fell in graceful folds to the walk. She would have had a somber appearance but for a fine, lace scarf thrown over her shoulders. Her soft, grey hair was smoothed back under a dainty lace cap, but rebellious little curls insisted on standing out and framing her finely shaped brow. I would have known that she was related to my father, as there was the same straight, short nose, in a feminine mould, with its proud little tilt. The deep, blue eyes, although there was such a quiet, gentle look in them, I did not doubt could kindle if her pride was roused, for Aunt Elizabeth was of a proud family. I almost forgot that she was a sufferer, until I saw the pathetic droop in the corners of her mouth, and the lines on her face. She welcomed me cordially, and asked with keen interest about all of the family.

The next morning at the breakfast table Aunt Elizabeth asked me if I liked to ride horse-back.

"Better than any fun in the world," I replied. Aunt Elizabeth looked rather relieved, and said, "I am very glad that you enjoy it, because our nearest neighbor has a daughter about your age, and I see her cantering by on her pony every day, and if you can ride, it will be delightful for you to go together."

"But, has she two ponies, Aunt?"

"No, but, I will see about a pony."

I was so interested in hearing about our neighbors that I did not notice the quick trot of a horse in the yard, but Aunt Elizabeth did, and turning to me she said, "I think there is some one who wants to see you in the yard, Katherine. Suppose you run and see." I ran out to see who my early visitor was, but I stopped in amazement at the sight of a beautiful bay pony at the foot of the

steps pawing the ground in his impatience to be off on a run. The side-saddle pointed unmistakably to me, and I turned around to hug Aunt Elizabeth, who was at the door, until she begged for mercy.

"There, there, dear," she gasped, "jump on and see if you like him."

Toe-John helped me on and I was soon racing down the road in front of the house, while Aunt Elizabeth waved to me from the porch. Later on in the day the young girl of whom Aunt Elizabeth spoke came over. She was bright and jolly and we were the best of friends in a short while. Nita said that her brother would take us as long rides as we liked, and they had planned a number of "lovely times" for me, and we certainly had them. That was one of the pleasantest summers I ever spent.

The morning that I left, Aunt Elizabeth called me to her and laid in my hand a fine gold chain with a gold heart on it, on which were carved the letters F. M. to E. W. There was a tone of sadness in Aunt Elizabeth's voice when she said, "It was given me by the dearest friend I ever had. Frances has one just like it which I gave her. She married against her father's wishes and she never returned home, and I have never heard from her. I feel sure that you will appreciate this, Katherine," and she clasped it around my neck.

I had only been at home about two months when father received a telegram saying that Aunt Elizabeth had died suddenly. He took the next train and reached Aunt Elizabeth's that night. It was a week before he came back home; some business affairs in connection with Aunt Elizabeth's will had to be settled. On the morning of his return he called me to him and said, "Katherine, I have some good news for you. You evidently made a very favorable impression on your Aunt Elizabeth during your visit. She has left you a thousand dollars in cash and you are to inherit her home at my death."

Notwithstanding my sincere grief at Aunt Elizabeth's death, for I had learned to love her dearly, visions of fine dresses and a lovely trip came to me. I saw myself on the deck of a steamer bound for Europe to spend a year. I was startled by father saying, "Katherine, where are you?" "On my way to Europe," I said, laughingly.

I had to go to the doctor's that morning, so I ran up-stairs, put on my wraps, and decided that it was not too warm to walk. The doctor was engaged, so I seated myself in the ante-room and picked up a paper. As the door was partly open I could not help overhearing a conversation. "Doctor," a girl's voice, quivering with anxiety, was saying, "Do you think that he can get well?"

"Yes," said the doctor, hesitatingly. "A sea voyage, change of climate, and complete rest, I believe would work wonders for him."

There was a laugh more pathetic than a sob could have been, it was so dry and hard.

"We can hardly afford to live," then in a softened tone, "But thank you, doctor; you have done what you could, and we appreciate your kindness, though

we can not repay it." The door opened wider, and a young girl passed through without glancing around.

"Who is that young lady?" I inquired of the doctor.

"Miss Frances Loyd."

"Who is it that is so sick?"

"Her brother. They are not common people, but very poor. Donald Loyd, the brother, is an artist, and he has made quite a reputation by his illustrations, and was doing well when his health gave way. He was forced to give up his work and their support then depended on Frances, who has been taking in sewing; but, of course, she can barely make a living, and—"

"And what?"

"I was just thinking what a pity it is that he can not take a trip; he is too fine and promising a young fellow to die."

A sudden thought came to me. "Doctor, could they go to Italy and have necessary comforts for a while for one thousand dollars?"

"Could they? Certainly; and when he begins to improve he can visit the art galleries, study, and do some work too, and help out."

"Doctor, if you assist me, I think I can manage it. First take me to see them, if you have the time."

"Very well, I have some patients to see in their tenement this afternoon, and I'll call for you."

We rode down some of the dirtiest streets I had ever seen and at last we stopped before a large building. We went in and climbed several pairs of steps. Finally the doctor tapped at a door on the fourth floor. The same young girl who had been in the doctor's office that morning opened it.

"Ah, Miss Loyd," the doctor said, "I am glad to find you in. Let me introduce my friend, Miss Katherine Watson. I have come to have a little chat with Lucian. Miss Watson is interested in art and desired to come with me to see some of his work, and I took the privilege of bringing her."

"I am sorry brother is not at home," Miss Loyd said, "but I shall be very glad to show Miss Watson his work." Turning to me, she continued, "Here are some sketches I was arranging when you came in." I picked up one, and in doing so my eyes fell on a box. The top was off, and in it on a roll of cotton there was a gold chain with a heart on it. It was the exact counterpart of the one Aunt Elizabeth had given me! "I beg your pardon, but may I ask what your mother's name was before she was married?" Miss Loyd almost dropped the sketch in her surprise at such a question, but replied without any hesitation, "Frances Mason." Without a word I took the chain out of the box and after examining it, said, "Excuse my seeming curiosity, but I have a chain exactly like this, except the initials on the locket are F. M. to E. W."

Just then the doctor said, "Miss Frances, I haven't time to wait longer for your brother, but I will call in an hour, and you might wait for me, Miss Katherine, if you would like to continue looking at the pictures."

After the doctor left, we began to talk freely. I told all about my visit to Aunt Elizabeth, and what she said when she gave me the chain and heart. Before we had finished talking the doctor returned and I had to bid Frances a hearty good-bye, after having promised to see her again soon.

On reaching home I did not wait to take off my wraps, but hurried to father's office to tell him what I had found out. He was very much interested and the next day he took mother to see Frances and her brother. Upon their return we went in to father's office to talk. Then I told my plan. I wanted father to lend the Loyds my money in some way so that they would not know it was mine. Father thought this plan was a good one, and mother suggested that they should come and pay us a short visit, and the matter could then be arranged.

* * * * *

About two weeks later there were two passengers on board a steamer bound for Liverpool, who attracted much attention. They were a young girl with laughing eyes and brown curls, and a young man some years older, who was tall and broad-shouldered, but very thin and pale. I waved to this happy couple until their steamer left the dock; then I turned and went home. I had been with them so much during the past two weeks that I knew I would miss them dreadfully. But I had the promise of letters every week. These letters were my greatest source of pleasure during the following winter. They were not all from Frances. Lucian improved very rapidly, and in the spring he was able to take up some work in the studio of an artist, who had recognized his talent. Through this artist he received an order for a painting in New York which necessitated his coming to America. He found it convenient to stay near our home for six months; and many things happened which I am not going to tell about.

When Lucian returned to Italy he did not go alone. We were standing on the deck together watching father and mother, who were waving to us from the wharf. When they were out of sight, Lucian looked down at me and said with that deep, grave voice that I had learned to love so well, "Katherine, are you very sure that you do not regret that summer that you spent at Aunt Elizabeth's?" I do not know whether he read the answer in my eyes, or guessed it. I did not tell him—but he certainly found out, because he smiled a satisfied smile, and drew my hand through his arm and patted it very tenderly. M. S. COCKE.



New Books.

(The Order of Demand as Sold at Hollins Between September 15, 1901, and
June 1, 1902.)

1. *The Right to Weigh* EDNA HOLTSCLAW
2. *Some Dogs I Have Known* PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND
3. *The Elsa Books* (a series of articles on *Life in Paris*) E. B. WEISS
4. *The Man With the Rake* M. ESTES COCKE
5. *Men, Women, and Loving* JULIA DEYERLE
6. *Kids of Many Colors* KAPPA THETA CHI
7. *Tribulations of an Editor* MARTHA WILLIAMSON
8. *The Crisis* DR. JOHN M. MCBRYDE
9. *The Story of Sarah* LEANORA COOKE
10. *The Benefits of Athletics, or How to Enjoy College Life* . . AILEEN D. WARD
11. *Tarry Thou Till I Come* S. HAFFORD PORTER
12. *Defeated, But Victor Still* FRANCES LALLEE WAIT
13. *Unconscious Comedian* M. JIM DAVIS
14. *Sentimental Susie* VIRGINIA POLLARD
15. *Not Like Other Girls* KATHRYN SAVAGE
16. *Tact and Policy* HARRIETTE DICKINSON
17. *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* MR. MESSER
18. *The Light of Other Days* DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN
19. *The Autobiography of a Quack* DR. DRAKE
20. *David and His Friends* J. A. TURNER
21. *Confidential Talks With Young Men* ELISABETH CARNEY
22. *Slaughter of the Innocents* A. TERRELL
23. *Under Drake's Flag* MRS. G. DRAKE
24. *Four-footed Friends* CARL BODELL
25. *Like Another Helen* LAURA SPENCER
26. *The Ruling Fashion* KATHERINE TUPPER
27. *Wild Animals I Have Known* MISS BAYNE

Halloween.

Once in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
I heard the radiator groan,
Like goblins hov'ring round me.

There came a low and ghostly moan
From regions cold and chill,
And then a fiendish elfish groan,
A crash—and all was still.

But hark! a strain of music rang
Upon the silent air,
'T was "Home, Sweet Home" the maidens sang
From Hollins windows there.

And soon the cottage girls replied
With loud and joyful sound.
A deathlike silence then ensued—
The Principal went 'round!

And all the maidens disappeared
Each to her little bed;
But did they stay there all night long?
That really can't be said,—

For, up above the nymphs so gay,
Were trippings swift and light,
And too, the lawn was all alive
With figures clad in white.

Upon the bridge a sentinel bold
Did guard these specters gay,
And with the aid of broomsticks strong
They safely sped their way.

But lo! next morn, banana peels
Bedecked Miss Cleveland's floor,
Perhaps 'twas not the steam alone
That did so weirdly roar.

D. T.



Athletics.

Officers of Athletic Association.

1901-1902.

FRANCES L. WAIT President
ELISABETH CARNEY Secretary and Treasurer

Executive Committee.

SARAH LYLES
LUCILE CARTER
LUCY DUKE
ETHEL HINTON
CATHERINE FISHER

Basketball Coaches.

JOSEPH A. TURNER Mohicans
FRANK W. DUKE Yemasseees

Captains Basketball Teams.

MARY V. MASTERS Mohicans
FRANCES L. WAIT Yemasseees

Managers.

SUSIE POLLARD Tennis Club
HALLIE DICKINSON Golf Club



Mohican Songs.

TUNE: "Yankee Doodle."

The *Blue and Gold*, so we are told,
Did not beat last Thanksgiving ;
But this year there will be a change,
With very little quizzing.
To Red and Black your team is strong,
And you can do some putting,
But good old Blue is not behind,
But on an equal footing.

TUNE: "Sweet Marie."

Black and Red, go to bed,
Or your colors you will shed.
This is what the Blue men said,
Black and Red.
When the Blues begin to root,
And their little horns do toot,
You will wish that you were dead,
Black and Red.

TUNE: "Coon, Coon, Coon."

Altho' it is our color,
You 're feeling mighty blue ;
We have a lot of good plays,
We 'll show them all to you.
You certainly look disgusted
With us, and that 's a fact,
Because our colors are *Gold and Blue*
And yours are Red and Black.

CHORUS.

Crimson, Crimson, Crimson,
We know your colors will fade ;
Crimson, Crimson, Crimson,
And turn another shade.
Crimson, Crimson, Crimson,
And when at last you 're beat,
We hope that you will play again
And score up your defeat.

TUNE: "Tah-rah-rah-rah! Bum-de-a."

I.

Here 's to the Blue, and they can play ;
They 're going to win Thanksgiving Day.
The Reds think they have got the game,
But the Blues will get there just the same.

CHORUS.

Tah-rah-rah-rah! Bum-de-a!
Tah-rah-rah-rah! Bum-de-a!
Tah-rah-rah-rah! Bum-de-a!
Tah-rah-rah-rah! Bum-de-a!

II.

The Reds have been playing with a push and a rush,
Their rooters making a terrible fuss,
But when it comes to the final game,
The Blues will get there just the same.—CHO.

Mohican Yells.

TOTEM : Tortoise

COLORS : Blue and Gold.

Hulla-ba-loo ! Hoo-ray ! Hoo-ray !

Hulla-ba-loo ! Hoo-ray ! Hoo-ray !

Boom-a-ray ! Boom-a-ray !

The *Gold and Blue* will win the day !

Rick-a-lack-a-lack ! Rick-a-lack-a-lack !

See what we 're doing to the Red and Black !

Hie ! Hæe ! Hoc !

Hu ! Hu ! Hu !

Who are We !

But the *Gold and Blue* !

Hi-Ki-Yi !

Zip-Zee-Zan !

Wah-hee ! Wah-hoo

Mo-hi-can !





THE MOHICANS.

TOTEM: Tortoise

COLORS: Blue and Gold

Harrelson, R. F.	Colecock, S.	Baxter, S.	Dey, S.	Turner, Manager	Griffin, G.
Russell, F. C.		Masters, C.		Lyles, L. G.	Fisher, P.
Watts, B. C.		Talbot, L. F.			McClellan, S.

Champions of 1901. Score: 14 to 5

Yemassee Yells.

TOTEM: Arrow.

COLORS: Red and Black.

Chick-a-lack-a, Chick-a-lack-a !
Chow, chow, chow !
Bick-a-lack-a, Bick-a-lack-a !
Bow, wow, wow !
Chick-a-lack-a, Chick-a-lack-a !
Quack, quack, quack !
Who are we but the *Red and Black* !

Cha-cha-chee !
Hit-to-tee !
Yo-haw, yo-haw !
Yemassee !

Boom-de-laddy, boom-de-laddy, who's ahead ?
Players clever, win forever,
Black and Red !

Rah, rah, ree !
Who are we ?
We are Reds !
Yemassee !



Yemassee Songs.

CONSOLATION SONG. TUNE: "Home, Sweet Home."

I.

The Crimsons are beaten,
It grieves us thro' and thro',
But we'll cheer them forever,
Our trusty girls, and true!
Our team has worked bravely,
And now the game is o'er,
To *Red and Black* we will be loyal
As we were in years before!

II.

The cup is ours no longer,
The Blues have fairly won,
And we can not claim the championship
Of the year of nineteen one;
But Crimsons all remember
That whoe'er wins the game
The name of Yemassee will ever
Stand foremost just the same!

CHORUS.

Lost! Lost! The hard-fought game!
Though beaten so badly,
They're the best team just the same!

TUNE: "There is a Tavern in the Town."

There is a team, the Blue and Gold, Blue
and Gold;
They're going to beat us, we are told, we
are told;
But wait until the game is past,
And we will beat them at the last.
We'll dig their graves both wide and deep,
wide and deep;
Put tombstones at their head and feet, head
and feet;
And on their breast we'll carve a basketball,
To signify what caused their fall.

TUNE: "Eli Banana."

We are the Crimsons, the jolly Crimsons;
Get your horns, girls, and come and toot!
This not first time, nor yet the last time,
That together, for the Crimsons, we will
root!
We will beat you, we will defeat you
At the great game Thanksgiving Day!
Red is our color and we can holler
When the Crimsons come upon the field
to play!

TUNE: "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

I.

The Umpire had a basketball, basketball,
basketball;
The Umpire had a basketball as round as it
could be.
Every time he threw the ball, threw the ball,
threw the ball;
Every time he threw the ball, the Reds got
it, you see!

II.

It followed Carney to the goal, to the goal,
to the goal;
It followed Carney to the goal; the Blues
thought this a sin.
It made our rooters sing and yell, sing and
yell, sing and yell;
It made our rooters sing and yell to see the
ball go in.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the Umpire!
Hurrah for the ball
Hurrah for the Captain, who didn't give a —
Chick-a-lack-a, chick-a-lack-a, etc.



THE YEMASSEES.

TOTEM: Arrow

COLOR: Crimson

Dickson, R. G.	Carter, L. G.	Walt, L. G.	Duke, Manager	Clark, B. E.	Dickinson, G.	Wilson, R. G.
Daily, S.		Flannagan, C.	Carney, P.	Hinton, F. E.		
Champions of 1900-1901.						

Tinnymment Basketball Team.

(Scrub Team.)



ETTA BLANCHARD Captain

EDNA HOLTZCLAW

LAURA SPENCER

MAIDEE DIXON

MARY NOTTINGHAM

LILA JESTER

LOUISE MANSFIELD

LOUISE JACKSON

HELEN CONE

HAFORD PORTER

SARAH RANKIN



Waldorf Basketball Team.

(Scrub Team.)



LETA WATTS Captain

GERTIE ARMSTEAD

ETHEL WILLIAMS

MABELLE YOUNG

MARY WATTS

MAY HUME

KATE SAVAGE

ANNABEL BRAY

LOUISE WILLIAMS

GLENN DUNKLEE

LEAH POWELL



Toasts.

Here 's to you, old leather basketball !
 You 've been loyal in every test ;
 You 've borne our cuffs, you 've answered our call,
 And you 've always done your best.

We 'll never forget you, we love you so !
 Yes, Hollins will always be true.
 Last year you won for the Red, you know,
 And this year you won for the Blue.

O, girl in blue and gold,
 You are so dainty, sweet ;
 You are the nicest girl
 Of all the girls I meet !
 I love you, and I am your slave ;
 I love you—that 's a fact ;
 I love you—till I meet the girl
 That wears the red and black !

Come fill the cup, and drink to Gold and Blue,
 Drink to our players, give to them their due ;
 Hail to the stout hearts, loyal, brave, and true ;
 Mohican, hail !

Bells.

Rah ! rah ! Hollins ! rah !
 Rah ! rah ! Hollins ! rah !
 Hollins ! Hollins !—rah-rah-rah !
 Vir-gin-ia !

Wollo-wollo,
 Wollo-wollo,
 Wollo-wollo-wha !
 Hollins ! Hollins ! Hollins !
 Rah !

H-o-l-bing-bang-bah !
 l-i-n-s-wah-whoo-wah !
 Hollins ! Hollins !
 Virginia !

Hul-lo-bo-lo ! ko-ro ! ko-ree !
 Hul-lo-bo-lo ! ko-ro ! ko-ree !
 Whee-la ! whee-la !
 Hul-lo-bo-lo ! Hollins !

Hic-haec-hoc !
 Kah-ho-wah !
 Hollins ! Hollins !
 Virginia !

Hobble, gobble ! razzle, dazzle !
 Sis boom bah !
 Hollins, Hollins !
 Rah ! rah ! rah !



Tennis Club.

SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD Manager
M. ESTES COCKE Coach

Members.

GERTRUDE ARMSTEAD	ETHEL HINTON
ETTA BLANCHARD	SARAH LYLES
ELIZABETH CARNEY	HAFFORD PORTER
VETA CHISHOLM	MATTIE RATCLIFFE
MAJORIE CLARKE	LAURA SPENCER
MARY CATESBY CLAY	EMMA THOM
LEONORA COCKE	LUCILE VIRDEN
MARTHA COCKE	FRANCES WAIT
HALLIE DICKINSON	AILEEN WARD
VELLA FLANNAGAN	ETHEL WILLIAMS

TOURNAMENT : April 21st.





TENNIS CLUB

HORATION ODE TO TETHER BALL.

(Respectfully Dedicated to UNCLE BILLY.)

Ave ! Tether, jucundissimus,
Mehi videris grandissimus !
Cynicus may scoff haughtissime,
Tennis-fiendus sniff scornissime ;
Tamen nihil nos avertet,
Tamen quartus horus videt
Nos in campo tethero,
Hic naster bonus matto—
“ Vincere aut pole-crackere,
Windere aut string-breakere.”
Ille sport est excitissimus,
Ille vere superbissimus—
Ave, Tether, jucundissimus !
Mihi videris grandissimus !

M. HUME.



Quotations.

In the Spring a schoolgirl's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of home.

Sweet is tennis after math !

Hope never glimmers in the Senior's breast,
She never is, oh never, to be blest !

To skip is natural ; to be caught—a shame !

Girls rush in, but fear the teacher's tread.

A little squelching is an awful thing.

Infirmity ! in our hours of ease
Forbidding, drear, not made to please,
When unlearned lessons wring the brow,
A welcome haven thou !

One more unfortunate,
Weary of cram,
One more exhausted pate,
Gone to exam !

O, it is excellent to have a teacher's might, but tyrannous
To use it like a teacher.

She jests at golf who never tried a game.

For a' that and a' that,
Their tether, golf, and a' that,
A tennis game tho' e'er so short,
Is the finest game for a' that.

Golf Club.

HALLIE DICKINSON Manager

Members.

GERTRUDE ARMSTEAD
GLADYS BROWN
ELIZABETH CARNEY
LUCILE CARTER
MAJORIE CLARKE
LEONORA COCKE
HATTIE DICKSON
CATHERINE FISHER

SARAH GRIFFIN
LILA JESTER
SARAH LYLES
MARY MASTERS
KATE SAVAGE
LUCILE VIRDEN
ETHEL WILLIAMS
MABEL YOUNG

TOURNAMENT: May 5th.





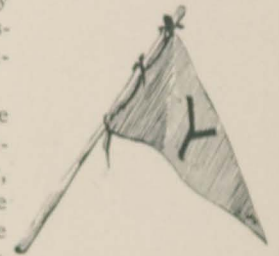
GOLF CLUB.



THANKSGIVING

THE night of November 28, 1901, was not very restful sleeping for the peaceful inmates of Hollins. More than once they were awakened by the bang of a hammer or the toot of a horn. Finally, at about five in the morning they gave up all thought of sleeping any more, and then suddenly remembered that it was neither Christmas nor the Fourth of July, but Thanksgiving Day, when the fateful game between the Yemassee and Mohican basketball teams was to be played.

Even the laziest girls were up early Thanksgiving morning, and by 6:30 the campus was full of rooters admiring the night's work. The Yemassees had gotten ahead as far as decorations were concerned, for the sixty yards of bunting, brought over from Heironimus's the day before, had changed the color of the Hollins buildings from white and green to red. Even the bed-spreads from the girls' rooms had been utilized, and a large, red comfort hung over the banisters between each great, white column of the "East Tinnymment," each bearing a huge, black letter. It spelled



Though the Reds had been more enterprising, the Mohicans had not been idle by any means, as the front gate, the basketball grounds, and the tree in the middle of the campus testified. They were all neatly wrapped in yellow and blue bunting, and in many of the trees also there floated blue and yellow flags.

The two hundred and fifty horns, for which Roanoke, Staunton, and the adjacent towns had been scoured, kept up a lively racket until breakfast time, when the girls consented to drop them for a brief interval, and moved their seat of discussion from the campus to the breakfast table.

Even the dining-room wore a festive air, as some of the girls considered twelve yards of ribbon a small amount to decorate their persons with, and entire blue and red suits were very much in fashion. No one was neutral. The servants, too, wore modest red and blue bows in their button-holes, and discussed the merits of the respective teams as they jostled to and fro with the trays.

After breakfast there were meetings of the rooters to practise the songs and yells. The Reds practised in the ball-room, and the teachers in the "East Tinnymment" decided they would go over to the West Building for quiet. But, alas! it was even worse in the "Waldorf." There was hardly a lecture-room which did not contain a group of Blue rooters practising. The poor teachers frantically grabbed their books, rushed out with a strain of "Ta-ra-ra-bum-de-ay" following them, and wished that they could spend the day on Tinker.

The excitement for a brief season was quenched, and some little indignation aroused by a notice from Miss Parkinson that positively no colors, no, not even a red "tam" nor a blue sash, must be worn to the Thanksgiving services in chapel. The girls grumbled, and wore a disinterested air during the sermon, and sad to relate, I fear many girls did not know the Thanksgiving text, and the prayers that were offered that day were for the victory of their teams.

Between chapel and dinner the time was short, but the excitement grew more intense, so that many plates remained unturned, and the Thanksgiving turkey had to go begging.

After dinner everybody was supposed to rest until three o'clock, when the rooters were to assemble. The hour dragged by, and at three the Hollins campus presented the grandest array of colors seen in many a day.

The Mohicans were assembled in front of the Art Building. Their flags were flying, their horns tooting, and they sounded as if they were ready to storm a second Jericho. The Kentucky trap, dragged by Mohican rooters, headed the Blue and Gold procession. Perched upon the front seat sat their Mascot, a little boy holding an enormous flag and arrayed most gorgeously in their colors. The procession was ended by Mr. Messer, dressed as an old farmer, with a big "Jimmie" hat on his head of corn-shuck hair. Blue trousers and a yellow shirt completed his costume. In his hand he carried a huge megaphone, through which he makes thunderous remarks now and then.

The Yemasseees were assembled in a ring in the middle of the campus. They were led by their mascot, a little darkey dressed in red trousers, a red circular cape, and a red lamp-shade hat which, with his kinky black hair and dusky skin, carried out the colors. Our literature professor, with a huge red sash streaming from his hat, came next, accompanied by "Lit," adorned with a modest red

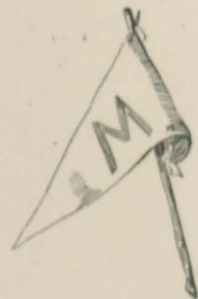
bow the size of a bushel-basket on his collar. (Dr. McBryde insisted on Lit being a well-re(a)d dog.) The Crimsones marched down, holding their little red books proudly up in front of them, and singing: "O, we're the Crimsones, the jolly Crimsones." The Blues occupied that part of the field nearest the Mohican basket, while the Reds took their stand as near the Yemassee basket as possible, with a desire to hug it and implore its assistance.

At last, all the rooters having been satisfactorily settled, everybody waits expectantly for the teams to appear. From around the corner of the Main Building porch a blue sweater is seen emerging. Another appears. Yes, there comes the Mohican team. They trot proudly down amid the yells and shouts of their rooters and waving of flags. They are closely followed by the Yemasseees. The Reds cease their singing and tooting, and commence in measured tone: "Chick-a-lack-a, Chick-a-lack-a," etc. The team falls in step with the yell and runs down to the grounds. The Blues and Reds take their places on the field, and carelessly pitch the ball from one to another, "limbering up" for the game.

The rooting, singing, and shouting is suddenly drowned by a shrill whistle. Every noise ceases. Every eye is riveted on the umpire as he stoops to throw the ball. The two center men gaze at that ball in which lies their fate. Up it goes—and comes down. Somebody gets it! Somebody throws it! First the ball is at one goal, and then at another! It positively flies! Now a Blue man has it! The Reds hold their breath. A Red man gets it! The Blues clench their fists. The whistle sounds! A foul for the Reds. The ball is pitched to Fisher, the Blue putter. She aims steadily. Not a sound is heard. The Blues tremble. The Reds wish she would hurry and do something. She throws! The ball is skilfully aimed. It bounds—into the basket! Oh! how can any one describe that first score at a ball game? It fairly thrills one even to think about it. The joy, the happiness of those Blue rooters is beyond description. It is soon over, however, and the ball is back again in the umpire's hand. Again it goes up, and again is here, there, and everywhere in a minute! A great shout is heard from the Reds. What has happened? Almost before any one knew it, Wait, the Yemassee left-front, has pitched in the ball from the side at about eleven feet from the goal! It was a brilliant play, and a clear ball! The score is now two to one in favor of the Yemasseees. In one voice they yell:

"Who 's all right? Who 's all right?
Wait! Wait!
Out of sight!"

The ball is back to the center and again on its mad career. The Blues have made a foul, and Carney, the Yemassee putter, has a free trial for the goal. The ball goes in, and the score is now three to one in favor of the Crimson. Everybody knows that time is nearly up! Every player realizes it! They redouble



their energies! Oh, the anguish of those Blue hearts for fear that two ahead will tell! Ah, the exultation of those Red rooters to be so soon dashed to pieces! Fisher, the Mohican putter, makes a goal. The score is a tie! The whistle may sound any minute! Harrelson, the Mohican right-front, throws the ball! It hits the rim of the basket! It rolls, rolls, round, round! The Blues are nearly mad. It rolls—in! The whistle sounds, and the inning closes with a score of five to three in favor of the Mohicans.

The Mohicans had been beaten the year before, and this first touch of success is maddening. They are beside themselves. The Yemassee do not despair, however. "Just two ahead," says the coach to the team. "Work hard and you'll catch up."

The second inning begins, and the excitement increases. The Crimsons do work hard, but it is no use. Luck is against them. The Mohicans score again, seven to three; again nine to three! There goes a ball in for the Reds, but it does no good. The old farmer shouts through his megaphone:

"How are things looking?"

"Blue-o-oo," comes echoing from the Mohican rooters.

Indeed things are blue! How many times does that ball, carefully aimed by Yemassee putter, balance on the rim of the basket, quiver, and fall off! How many times at the Blue goal does that ball balance on the rim of the basket, quiver, and fall—in!

Oh, the irony of fate! For it is fate. There is splendid playing on both sides. Those teams have practised together since September, and they are evenly matched. The players remain cool and steady during the game. Some one has to win. The Yemassee won last year, and now the Mohicans decide they would like to have the cup in their possession for a while. So the last inning closes with a score of fourteen to five in favor of the Mohicans.

It is o'er! The great Thanksgiving game has been played! The game that has been practised for, longed for, and yet dreaded, is over! The Mohicans, with yells and screams, are bearing their captain and putter off the field on their shoulders, while the other girls on the team are being hugged and smothered by their enthusiastic rooters.

And the Yemassee! All that was so bright this morning is dark now. Even the sun has deserted, and the lowering clouds are blue! The game seems to have a different effect on different girls. Some are disappointed and chagrined, some have to wink hard to keep back the tears, while others are crying outright. A few wear that indifferent air, as if it was a matter of course, and all the while their hearts are bursting inside. Others try to make the best of it and say it is only fair. If they see a girl crying they console her by calling her "Cry-baby," and by telling her to "shut up." Sorrowfully they wend their way to the front campus, where, crowding around their beloved team, they sing their conso-

lation song: "Lost, lost, the hard-fought game." It rends even many of those stout Blue hearts to hear them, and their team answer in a broken voice:

"We are beaten, we are beaten,
But our heads we'll still hold high;
We hear those Crimson rooters shouting,
Crimson, never die!"

The sky grows darker, and the lights fade in the west. The faint tinkle of a far-off bell reminds them that they still have to live on. Dreamily they wander to their rooms, and wonder what it all means, wonder why everything is so strange. Then they remember. The Reds are beaten! The Reds are beaten! Their team, their own team is beaten! The cup is gone! This game means *so much* to them. It is then that many brave hearts that held out all day break down. It is then that they feel like all is over.

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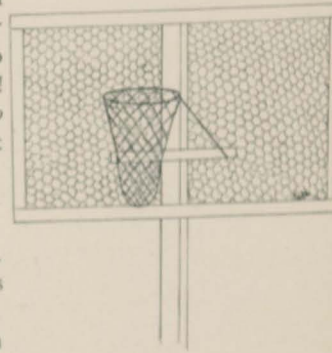
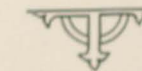
If the Reds present one extreme, the Blues certainly present the other. Telegrams have been sent, telling the good news to the Mohican enthusiasts of last year. To many of them Hollins has never been so near Paradise before. Crowds discuss the whole game from beginning to end; seated on the trunks in the hall, and swinging their feet, they have a regular experience meeting.

The triangle sounds. That triangle means the great Thanksgiving banquet. Oh, how the other girls envied the teams that night as they were seated at the long table in the middle of the dining-room. The blue and red jerseys are exchanged for evening dresses, the table is decorated in red and blue, and victors and vanquished meet on neutral ground. Mr. Lucian Cocke presides and presents the silver loving cup, that the Yemassee have held for a year, to Miss Masters, the Mohican captain.

The Yemassee drink the health of the Mohicans, and then comes the seven-course dinner which had been dreamed of for months before and has been boasted of ever since.

¶ It is light bell ere the banquet ends, and Thanksgiving Day, with its many joys and many sorrows, is over. ¶ "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

LUCILE VIRDEN.





Class of 1902.

MOTTO: Certum pete finem.

COLORS: Garnet and Green.

FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose.

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MARY STEDMAN	Prophet
SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD	Poet



Members.



FRANCES WAIT Tennessee

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."



MARY STEDMAN Texas

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."



MABEL BASSETT Florida

"I have a reasonable good ear for music; let us have the tongs
and the bones."



LUCY DUKE Virginia

"Bosom up thy council;
You'll find it wholesome."



MABEL BOWER Virginia

"To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside."



KATHERINE TUPPER New York

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."



SUSIE POLLARD Virginia

"They always talk who never think."



AILEEN WARD South Carolina

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on 't."



HAFFORD PORTER Illinois

"I like this place, and willingly could waste my time in it."



GERTRUDE CLARKE Virginia

"Must you be therefore proud and pitiless!"



JULIA ROBERTSON Virginia

"How doth that little busy bee improve each shining hour!"



LAVINIA COKER South Carolina

"For e'en though vanquished, *she* could argue still."



AIMEE REED Mississippi

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."



NEITA RUSSELL Mississippi

"A simple poet wastes his toil
For the vain tribute of her smile."



MARY WILLIAMSON Virginia

"Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things."



HELEN HARRELSON Missouri

"One tongue is sufficient for a woman."



MARTHA WILLIAMSON Virginia

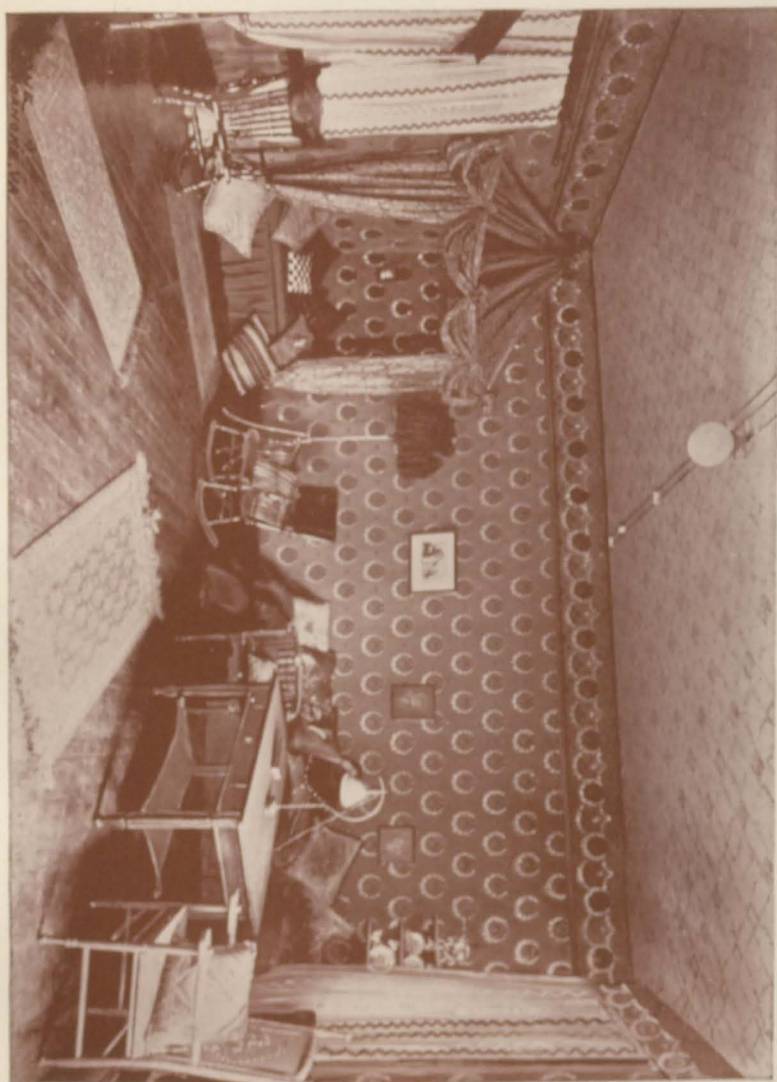
"Those whom
God hath
joined
together,
let no
man
put
asunder."

DAVIE JASPER Texas



MR. TURNER, Honorary Member Virginia

"Full oft they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."



SENIOR PARLOR.

A Hollins Girl's Schedule.

The daily routine which Miss A. uses in the process :

7-7.30 A. M.—Miss A. dresses.

7.30-8—Breakfasts.

8-8.15—Buys stamps.

8.10-9—Recites German.

9-10—Writes to mamma.

10-11—Talks to Miss C., unless inclined to take a vocal lesson.

11-12—Practises.

12-1 P. M.—Chats with roommate.

1-2—Dines.

2-3—Rests for an hour.*

3-4—Gossips with any one she can find to join her.

4-5—By this time Miss A. needs a constitutional, so goes for a walk.

5-6—She waits in the main hall for mail delivery.

6-7—Miss A. has supper.

7-8—Practises.

8-9—Gossips.

9-10—Gossips.

10-11—Gossips.

11-12—Gossips.

*Since writing out the above schedule, we are informed that Miss A. has decided to deny herself her hour of rest. She now practises diligently from 2 to 3 P. M.



People Will Talk.

Copied from Euzeian Album of 1873.

You may get through the world, but 't will be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You 'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,
For people will talk!

If quiet and modest, you 'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You 're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you 're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk!

If generous and noble, they 'll vent out their spleen:
You 'll hear some loud hints that you 're selfish and mean;
If upright, and honest, and fair as the day,
They 'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,
For people will talk!

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They 'll call you an upstart, conceited, and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk!

Now the best way to do, is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you 'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it 's not any use,
For people will talk!

Things We 'd Rather Not Have Said.

Professor (in Junior Literature Class): Miss S., in poetry what do we call the metre of four feet?

Miss S.: A quadruped.

Miss P. (reading new play): Miss Townsend, who is going to take the part of *Omnes*?

Senior History Girl: Good-bye, dear, I must go read the *Iliad*.

Miss K-y-s: Oh! is it good? I never have read it. Who is the *Iliad* by?

Miss Spencer: I wonder if twenty-five cents would pay the express on *five pounds* of marshmallows?

Miss Etta Blanchard: Oh, yes, of course; marshmallows are awfully light!

Miss J. (who did not go down to breakfast) to teacher at head of dinner table: Miss L., were you down to breakfast?

Teacher: Why, you silly thing, you know you sat right here by me.

Miss J. is silent.

Miss Pollard: When was Christianity introduced into England?

Miss Clarke (Senior History Girl): In 55, B. C.; by Caesar, of course.

A Literary Graduate: What are you doing?

Senior Elocution Girl: I 'm cutting out some parts of "Lancelot and Elaine" before I memorize it.

Literary Graduate: Don't you know Mr. Shakespeare would feel complimented?

Lou (to Helen, who was crying): What 's the matter, Helen?

Helen (sobbing): I always thought Miss P. hated me, and now I *know* it. She told you I was *pessimisti*!

Lou: Do you know what that means?

Helen: No, but I 'm sure it is something *awful*!

Miss M. --- -n: Elsa, I think you sing that song so sweetly.

Elsa: Oh, my dear, it is too high for me, but I haven't had time to *transport* it.

Old Girl (to new girl) : Elsie, are you any kin to Billy Baxter?
Miss Baxter : I don't know. Why, did she come to Hollins?

Miss G-o-g- : How often is the *Semi-Annual* published?

Three girls were discussing the predecessors of Shakespeare the day of Senior Literature Examination. One of them, who was not a literature girl, inquired :
Who is that other man you all studied? Was it *Skin*?
And it was finally discovered that she meant *Peele*.

A Hollins Girl : I studied Latin for two years and don't know but one declension now, and that is *amo, amas, amat*.

Miss McC. (enthusiastically) : Oh ! Miss Ancona is going to have the orchestra play *Florodora* Monday night.

Miss P. : Sure enough ! What is the tune of it?

Laura : Are you telling your fortune, Emmie?

Emmie : No, I am just counting the *pedestals* on this daisy.

Bessie H. : Eva Ellison's shoe is untied.

Lucy B. : How do you know? She is not anywhere around here.

Bessie H. : Because I have it on.

Miss Cleveland (to pupil) : Look up these references in the Bible.

Pupil : All right. Can I get a Bible in the library?

Teacher (in Intermediate English Class) : Miss —, what is the plural of *forget-me-not*?

Miss — : *Forget-us-not*.

First Vocal Pupil : Have you taken the fifteenth Concone exercise yet?

Second Vocal Pupil : O, yes ! that has the *incubation* in it.

The Senior English Class had been studying what the different animals of the *Bestiaries* symbolized. The Professor asked on examination : "What is a *Physiologus*?" One student answered : "A *Physiologus* is *one who* attributes human traits to lower animals."

Professor Pleasants (in Latin Class) : Miss Virden, what was the relation between Venus and *Æneas*?

Miss Virden : She was in love with him.

Miss Agnes (in Senior History Class) : Up to this date what view had been held as to the shape of the earth?

Editor-in-Chief of *SPINSTER* : They thought the earth was *square*.

Miss P-l-a-d (quoting) : "Tell me not in mournful numbers,"

Miss C-s-y : O ! don't quote the Bible to me.

Teacher : What is the feminine of *buck*?

Pupil : *Bucket*.

First Girl (studying English Grammar) : Name the relative pronouns.

Second Girl : *Aunt, unde, cousin, niece, and nephew*.

Frances : Do you know what *nimble* means?

Susie : Why, yes. For instance, a mouse *nimbles* at a piece of cheese.

Miss W-i-s- : We are going to sail in time to arrive in London for the coronation.

Miss T-w-s-n- : What is the date of the coronation?

Miss W-i-s- : About the 26th or 27th of June. They *always* have them about that time.

The Senior English Class were just beginning their intermediate examination. The Professor of Literature had read out the questions and was making his prefatory remarks, and in the course of his speech he said, with marked emphasis :

"Now, don't stop to *think*—just go ahead and write."

And then he wondered why they laughed.

The other day in Senior History the teacher inquired :

"Who was on the throne of England during the reign of Queen Anne?"

The class looked blank, then smiled audibly, while she continued :

"Queen Anne. Now, will you all please to undertake that into your heads?"

The Business Manager of *THE SPINSTER* had been over to Roanoke to consult Mr. Stone about the publication of the book, and was giving the other members of the staff the benefit of their discussion.

"Mr. Stone says," she continued, "that he will send us a *mummy*, and for us to arrange the pictures and articles in it, just as we want them in *THE SPINSTER*."

That the "young idea" sometimes shoots in a different direction from what is expected, was illustrated in Junior English the other day. The teacher asked for the difference in meaning between *principle* and *principal*, and received the unexpected reply that "one is *masculine* and the other is *feminine*."





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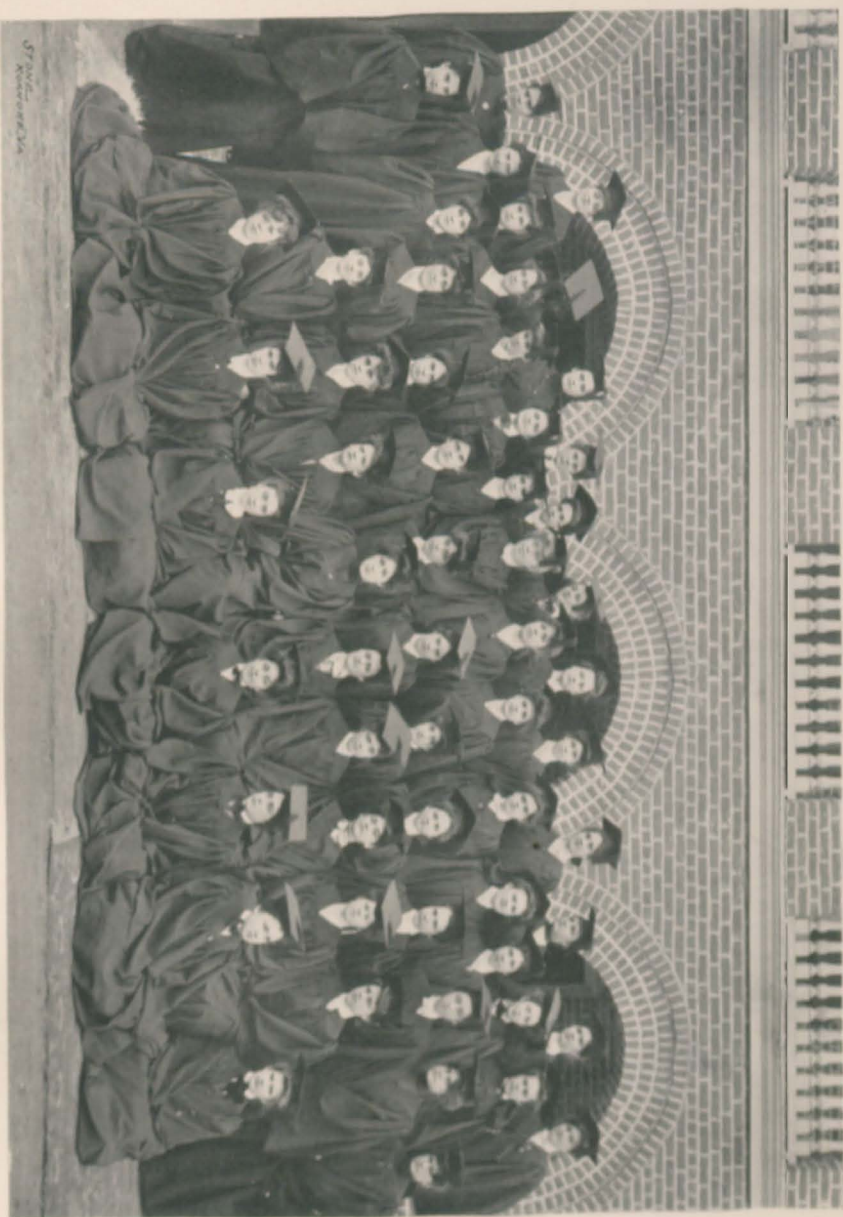
LUCY WILLIAMSON DUKE

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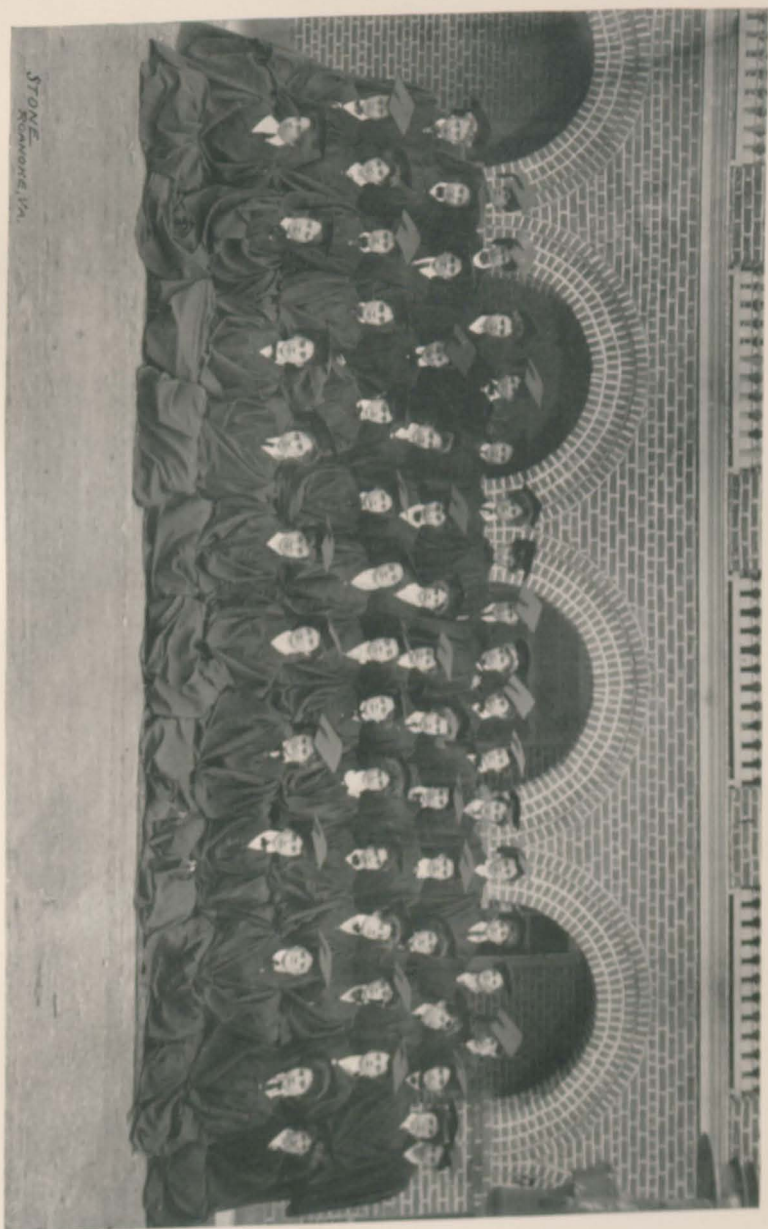
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SARAH GRIFFIN	LEONORA COCKE

Director.

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND

School for Scandal.

(Acted at Drury Lane Theatre 1777.)
Given by the Euepian Society December 9, 1901.



Dramatis Personae.

MEN.		
SIR PETER TRAZLE	KATHERINE BOYCE TUPPER
SIR OLIVER SURFACE, a rich nabob	EMANUELETTA WATTS
JOSEPH SURFACE (Nephews of)	MARY CHRISTIAN ESHMAN
CHARLES SURFACE (Sir Oliver)	KATHERINE MARY FISHER
SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE	LUCY MAY CAMP
CRABTREE	ELISABETH KATHERINE CANSKY
ROWLEY	LYDIA LIGON BRAMLETT
MOSES, a Jew Broker	ANNIE CLARKSON
TRIP, Charles's Butler	ESTELLE HUNTER JACKSON
NAKE	ELISABETH HORNOR
CARELESS, Charles's Friend	MARY WILLIS STEEDMAN
SIR HARRY BUMPER	JULIA ELIZABETH DEVERLE
WILLIAM, Servant	MARY GENEVIEVE HENKING
WOMEN.		
LADY TRAZLE	ADREE REED
MARIA	NEITA GIVHAN RUSSELL
LADY SNEERWELL	LURA FAE BRADLEY
MRS. CANDOUR	LUCILE MCGUIRE CARTER
MAID	LEAH McALLEN POWELL



The Little Minister.

Given by the Euzelian Society, February 24th, 1902.



Characters.

MEN		
GAVIN DISHART	S. HAFORD POTTER
LORD RUSTOUL	HELEN FRANK
CAPTAIN HALLIWELL	LEONORA COCKE
ROB DOW	MARGORIE BOOTH
MICAH DOW	LITTLE COURTNEY RUDD
TAMMAM WHAMOND	HARRIET DICKINSON
SNECKY HOBART	SUSIE V. POLLARD
ANDREW MEALMAKER	MAY GREGORY HUME
SILVA TOSH	ERMINA E. GEDIE
JOE CRICKSHANK, Atheist	MARY BEAUNE LOCKHART
SERGEANT DAVIDSON	SARAH HAYNESWORTH LYLES
SOLDIERS	MISSER GERTRUDE ARMISTEAD
.....	MARGORIE CLARKE
.....	SARAH GRIFFIN
.....	LUCY BURTON DUKE
WOMEN		
HARRIE	HENRIETTA HILL BLANCHARD
NANNIE WEBSTER	AILEEN D. WARD
FELICE, French Maid	MARY MASTERS
JEAN, Maidservant	LULA WILLINGHAM
SOLDIERS, AND WOMEN AND MEN OF CONGREGATION		



The Butterflies.

Given by the Euzelian and Euepian Societies, January 20th. 1902.



Cast of Characters

MR. GREEN	HARRIET DICKINSON, of Virginia
Very rich, but very plain	
SUZANNE ELIZE, better known as "Chicky"	AIMEE REED, of Mississippi
In love with Strong	
BARRINGTON VAN STEYLSSEN	HENRIETTA HILL BLANCHARD, of Georgia
Christened plain "Barry," son to Green	
FREDERICK OSSIAN	KATHERINE BOYCE TUPPER, of New York
"You live, but I flit"	
CODDLE, butler to Green	MARJORIE BOOTH, of Ohio
Severely aristocratic	
NATHANIEL BILSER	LUCY MAY CAMP, of Florida
A New York Tailor	
MRS. STUART DODGE, of Philadelphia	AILEEN WARD, of South Carolina
Snubbing, her chief business	
MRS. OSSIAN	EMANUELETA WATTS, of Virginia
Mother to Frederick	
MIRIAM STUART DODGE	S. HAFORD PORTER, of Illinois
In love with Frederick	
MR. STRONG	MARY CATHERINE FISHER, of Pennsylvania
An Englishman, "doncher know"	

Synopsis

ACTS I, II AND III—Florida, evening. Mr. Green's home.

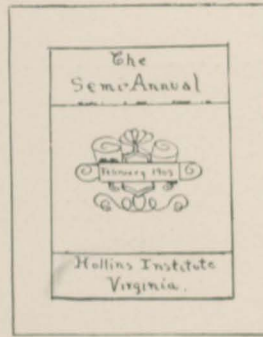




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KENTUCKY CLUB

Song.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

Colors.

Crimson and Gold.

Yell.

Boom-a-lack-a, Boom-a-lack-a, Ra, Ra, Ra,
Zoom-a-lack-a, Zoom-a-lack-a, Za, Za, Za,
Boom-a-lack-a, Zoom-a-lack-a, who are we?
We are the girls of Kentuckée.



Members.

LUCY BUCKNER

MARY CLAY

ETHEL FITZGERALD

SALLIE LOCKHART

MARY SLEET

MARY WOODFORD

CAROL BUCK

HELEN FRANK

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MRS. F. K. LOCKHART

DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN

Naughty Naught Club.

FOUNDED 1900.

Motto.

Errare est humanum.

Yell.

Rip tum rex !
Rip tum raught !
Rip tum, bip tum !
Naughty Naught !

Flower.

Violet.

Stone.

Opal.

Colors.

Black and White.

Members.

LUCILE McGUIRE CARTER	Virginia
GERTRUDE CLARK	Virginia
LEONORA COCKE	Virginia
HALLIE DICKINSON	Virginia
MARY VAN FOSSEN MASTERS	Virginia
FRANCES McCLELLAN	Ohio
SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD	Virginia
LULA MAE RINEHART	Virginia
FRANCES LALLEE WAIT	Tennessee



NAUGHTY NAUGHT

Cark
McCellan

Carter

Rinehart

Dickson

Walt

Pollard

Masters

Cooke

Seven Solemn Stirrers of the Chafing Dish.

Motto.

"Borrow all you can get, lend nothing at all."

Colors.

"Goblin" Blue and Silver.



Members.

MARTHA LOUISE COCKE, JR.	Virginia
LUCY WILLIAMSON DUKE	Virginia
DAVIE BRUCE JASPER	Texas
AIMEE REED	Mississippi
EMMA MERTINS THOM	Maryland
MARTHA WHITE WILLIAMSON	Virginia
SEVENTH MEMBER	Ghost of Former Members

Kaffee Klatsch Klub.

Motto.

He who eats and runs
away
Will live to eat another
day.

Aim.

? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Yell.

Rub-a-dub-dub!
Kaffee Klatsch Club.
Pots! Hooks!
Pans! Kooks!
Kaffee!



Kooks.

Emma Blanchard

Elisabeth Carney

Lucile Carter

Frances Wait

Hafford Porter

Laura Spencer

Etta Blanchard

Delmonico Club.

Motto.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we get 'squelched.'"

Members.

ANNA LOUISE CRUTCHER	Texas
AZELIE DAVENPORT DURST	Texas
JOHN VIVIAN GILL	Alabama
LUCY EULINE HOYE	Mississippi
MARY WILSON MILLS	Texas
MARY GATHRIGHT REEVES.	Texas
NEITA GIVHAN RUSSELL	Mississippi
SUE EMMA RUSSELL	Mississippi
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SEVIER



CRUTCHER



STEDMAN



RUSSELL

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BOSTON, PA.

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Catherine Fisher	Mary Steadman	Marie Estes	Lillian Wood	Lucille Rogers	Emmanuelita Waits
Maidie Dixon	Loelise Monroe	Keatts Hiseoe	Mary Harmon		



Colors.

Peacock Blue and Gold.

Flower.

Violet.

Motto.

Dum vivimus vivamus.

Object.

Dolce far niente.

Members.

LUCY MAY CAMP	Florida
MARY GREGORY HUME	North Carolina
ETHEL KENNON WILLIAMS	Virginia
MARGUERITE CURRIN	North Carolina



Capital Club.

Motto.

"On to Richmond."

Colors.

Delft-Blue and Gold.

Flowers.

"May Handy" Violets.

Yell.

Rickety! Rackety! Ra! Hurrah!
Hickety! Hackety! Za! Huzzah!
Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!
Capital City—Richmond!

Members.

ANNABEL BRAY	GRACE VIRGINIA CARNEAL
HALLIE DICKINSON	GERTRUDE CLARK
MINERVA WALLER HASKINS	LUCY WILLIAMSON DUKE
MARY VIRGINIA RYLAND	VIRGINIA LOUISE HASKINS
	FANNIE BENNET LEWIS
	SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD
	VIRGINIA LOUISE WILLIAMS



Tar Heel Club.

Colors.

Black and Gold.

Song.

"Old North State."

Motto.

Esse quam Videri.

Members.

MARIE MOTLEY BALSLEY	Reidsville, N. C.
ELIZABETH BORDEN	Goldsboro, N. C.
MARGUERITE CURRIN	Oxford, N. C.
REBEKAH GLENN	Winston, N. C.
MARY GREGORY HUME	Chapel Hill, N. C.
MARY CABELL SHEPPARD	Winston, N. C.
BESSIE BUCKNER WITHERS	Reidsville, N. C.



LILLICE COUTURIÉ, "Miss Pride"	Louisiana
BESSIE RINEHART, "The Mouse"	Virginia
LOUISE GEDGE, "Miss Pry"	Illinois
MARY STUART COCKE, "Miss Priss"	Virginia
LILA WILLINGHAM, "Miss Pluck"	Georgia

Motto.

Solere et non capi.

Colors.

Old rose and tan.

Haunt.

Practice Room No. 2.

Texas German Club.

Colors.

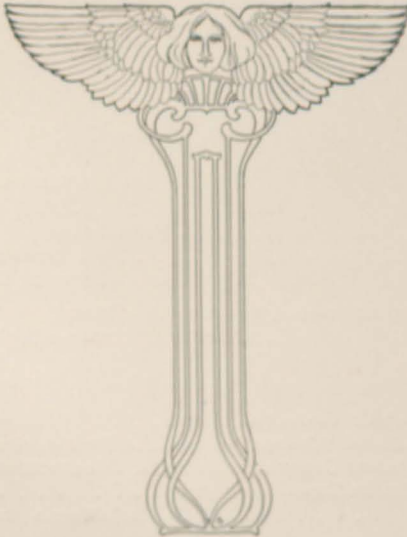
Navy Blue and White.

Song.

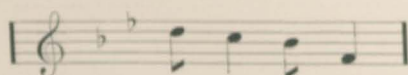
"My Heart 's To-night in Texas."

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1908	California Exposition**

*Promised. **Dead Sure.





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LUCY MAY CAMP	Florida
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ETTA VERNON CULPEPPER	Virginia
SALLIE BORUM DRY	Virginia
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ETTA HILL BLANCHARD	Georgia
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GERTRUDE CURLE ARMISTEAD	Virginia
ERMINA ETHELYN GEDGE	Illinois
ESTHER MARY GEDGE	Illinois
SARAH HAYNESWORTH LYLES	South Carolina
MARJORIE BOOTH	Ohio



PHI MU GAMMA.

Tau Sigma Gamma.



TAU SIGMA GAMMA.

MOTTO: *Θη-βελκςγτ-Γστς*

Stone.

Garnet.

Flower.

American Beauty.

Colors.

Garnet and Black.

Members.

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BESSIE LEIGH HALL	Missouri
JULIA BRECKINRIDGE ROBERTSON	Virginia
JEAN LEE WATTS	Virginia
ELSA BELKNAP WEISS	Texas
VIRGINIA LOUISE WILLIAMS	Virginia

Phi Kappa.

Colors.

Burnt Orange and Black.

Motto.

Περσπερα εις αθρτα

Sorores.

MILDRED G. ALBERY	Ohio
MARGARET ALLEN	Virginia
LEAH M. POWELL	Texas
MARY C. SHEPPARD	North Carolina
LETA A. WATTS	Virginia
BESSIE B. WITHERS	North Carolina



Kappa Delta Gamma.

Colors.

Violet and White.

Motto.

Ειμ φιλοσοφῶ

Yell.

Chackerlack ! Chackerlack !

Rip ! Rap !!!

Ree ! Rah ! Ramma !

Kappa ! Delta ! Gamma !!!

Stone.

Pearl.

Flower.

Violet.

Sorores.

AZELIE DAVENPORT DURST	Texas
JOHN VIVIAN GILL	Alabama
LOUISE CLIFTON MANSFIELD	Texas
JULIETTE JOHNSON SEVIER	Arkansas
ALMA EATON TRAVIS	Tennessee





Marshall

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KAPPA DELTA GAMMA
Durst

Travis

Gill



Kappa Theta Mu.

FOUNDED 1901.

Sorores.

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AURELIA THWEATT*	Arkansas
ESTELLE HUNTER JACKSON	Tennessee
LILLIAN CATHERINE WILHOITE	Tennessee
NELL ARNOLDI	Texas
LURA BRADLEY	Texas
ETHEL BELL	Tennessee
JULIA ELIZABETH DEVERLE	Virginia

*Died, March 24.

ATOMIC LOVE.

Copied from Euzebian Album of 1876.

HYDROGEN TO CHLORINE.

*Ah! whither, whither, have you strayed?
My beautiful, my queen.
Come to your faithful lover's arms,
My love, my own Chlorine!*

CHLORINE TO HYDROGEN.

*In darkness bound to my true love,
I this fond message send:
When I have bleached this piece of cloth
I'll meet my Hydrogen!*

BOTH.

*Oh! happy day, oh! joyful hour,
To parted lovers, fond!
We twain shall evermore be one,
In Hydrochloric bond!*

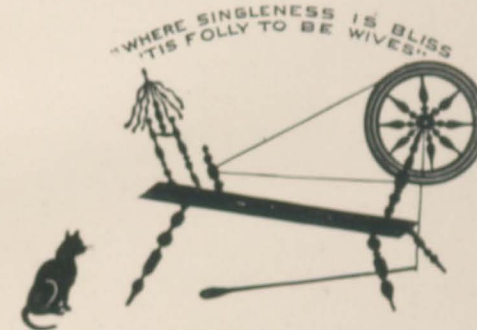
H. B. P.

The Spinster.

SINCE the organization of THE SPINSTER Staff several months ago, their one aim has been to publish an Annual that will give to the outside world some idea of our pleasant life here at Hollins, and furnish for the girls themselves a cherished "memory-book" of their year's work, bringing up humorous haps and mishaps in the class-room and on the campus.

In spite of the advance THE SPINSTER made last year from "ye olden time maiden" to the modern "bachelor-maid," she is still quite young and the experiences of her five summers are scarcely sufficient to develop an independent, up-to-date woman. Young as THE SPINSTER is in years, her editors' experience is still more limited, and THE SPINSTER requests that her friends—she hopes to have no enemies—will bear this in mind when they look over her pages. She has not always been able to stand alone, and here she would like to extend her heartiest thanks to those both of the Faculty and student-body, who have so kindly extended a helping hand.

Of her failures, disappointments, and "sudden declensions of high hopes," she will say nothing, for THE SPINSTER wishes to bring to you only happy memories of the year 1901-02.



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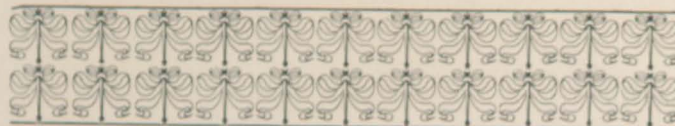
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 Alone to eat, and not to eat each day
 To live"—but 't was not his fate to give
 Such meals as now we daily find—
 Those meats and sweets with which one tries
 Each day the hearts of hungry men to bind,
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